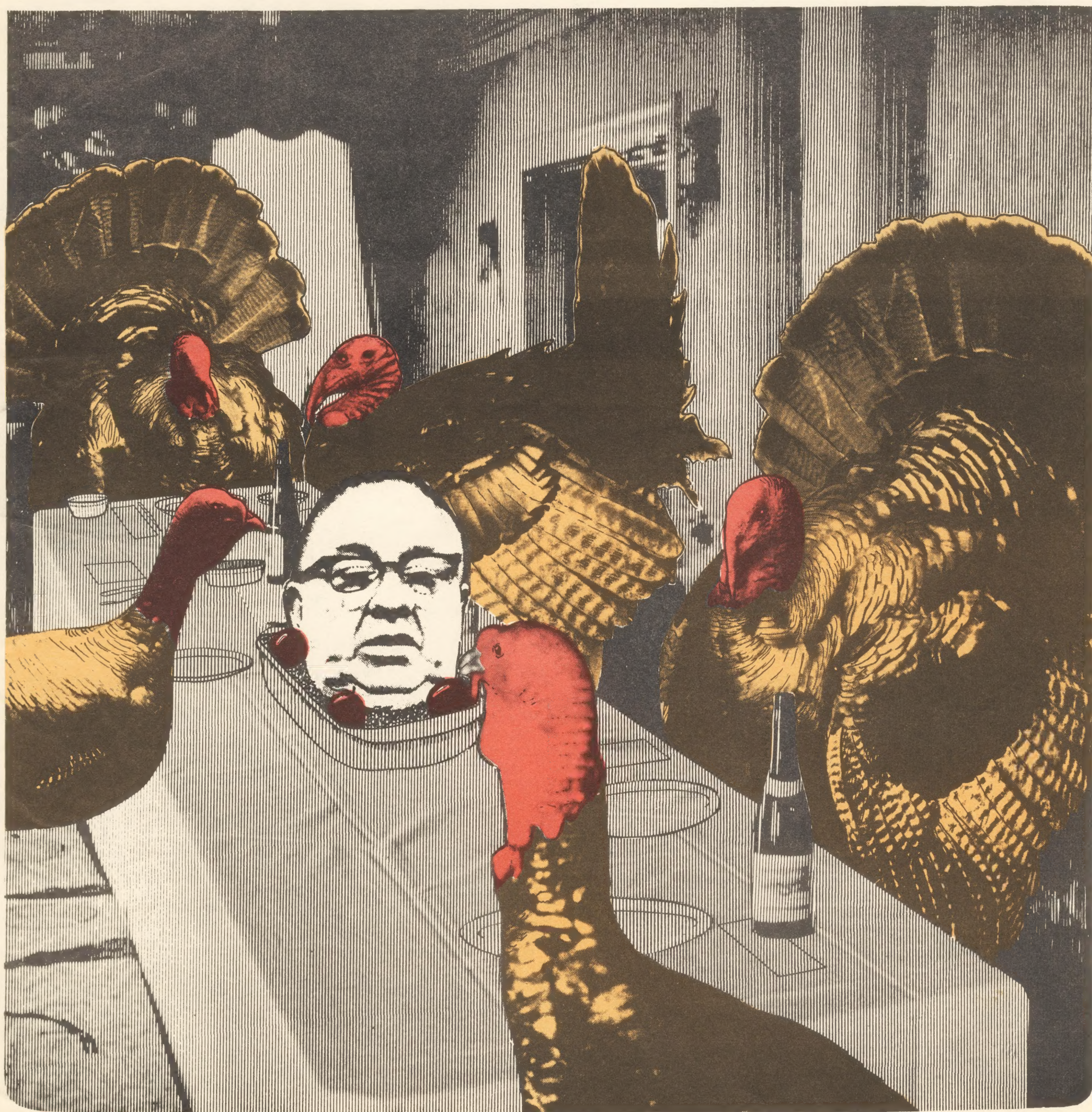


SEED

CHICAGO VOL. 6 NO. 2 35¢



W i n t e r



C i t y

HEAR HERE!

One Octave Higher is a record store in Evanston. It is owned by the Gimbel brothers--Noel, who watches the business, and Stuart, who spends his time filling his seat on the Mercantile Exchange. Aside from the Evanston store, they own five other record stores, including another in Evanston.

Stu Gimbel isn't a bad fellow though. For instance, he often drops by to visit his competitors. Last year he paid a friendly visit to Steve Nakon at Gramophone. They got to talking about record prices, especially about Steve's price--\$3.00. Didn't that seem a little too...ahhh...generous--after all, we are in this to make money, aren't we? Stu then informed Steve that if he didn't raise his prices immediately, he would lower the prices in his new store up the block and rely on the revenue from his other stores to keep the new one going until Gramophone was driven out of business. This was no empty threat, as Gimbel then proceeded to do just that, and the Seed printed an article on Greedhead Gimbel. Except that the tactic didn't work--in fact, Gramophone's there to this day!

Hear Here is one of those packed-to-the-walls little record stores; it's owned by a quiet friendly guy named Max Tuchten who opened the store back in June along with his manager, Steve Weinstein. They've done pretty well, their price has remained at \$2.95, and they've become pretty close to the other merchants who run the eight or ten hip shops that dot the Chicago-Dempster area. Well, the other week, Max and Steve were the recipients of a visit from Good Neighbor Stu, who also brought along Larry Bell, the owner of Laurie's Records (also in Evanston, natch) and someone identified as the manager of Lishon's (also owned by Gimbel, and since renamed...One Octave Higher). This time, they were less than friendly--they made it clear that they wouldn't stand for Max selling records at \$2.95 and demanded that he raise his prices to match their \$3.79 price-tag. If he did not, said Gimbel, their stores could easily afford to lower prices to \$2.50 for a while to put Hear Here out of business. Why, said Stu, I could even open a One Octave Higher in that vacant store across the street.

Two days later, the three mentioned record shops all lowered the prices of all \$4.98 list albums on the Billboard Top 100 to \$2.89. They obviously mean business. Sure enough, Max is losing about \$1,000 a week in record sales.

From attempted price-fixing, Gimbel has come up in the world--he's using tried and true robber baron tactics. Organize a cartel, fix prices, and destroy anyone who stands in your path. As a matter of fact, they've even passed laws about people like Stu Gimbel; they refer to it as "conspiracy in restraint of trade," a violation of the anti-trust laws. These laws never get enforced on a local level though, so it's obvious that the community must take steps to see that bullshit of this nature stops. It's clear that the Gimbel operation is ripping off the whole city, and that the only solution is to stop buying from people who conduct their business like capitalist pigs. The Gimbels own shops in Buffalo Grove and on Broadway near Diversey (One Octave Higher), in Maiden Lane (One Octave Lower), and Piper's Alley

(Flypped Disc) in Old Town, in addition to the One Octave Higher in Evanston. Laurie's Records is the only store that Larry Bell owns. If you shop in these stores, you will be supporting the worst sort of greedheads, and if you shop elsewhere, maybe Gimbel and his cohorts will get the message that there's no place in our community for ripoff artists like them.

BENEFIT TO PROVIDE FUNDS FOR TRANSPORTATION TO THE REVOLUTIONARY PEOPLE'S CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

"BATTLE OF ALGIERS"

at the
Three-Penny Cinema, 1:30 p.m.
November 21

Donation is \$2.00. If you can't come and would like to make a donation, contact the Black Panther Party, at 243 - 8276. Also needed are buses and cars.

Welcome to Volume 6, No. 2 of the Chicago Seed (950 W. Wrightwood--929-0133). Those who worked on this issue included: Lynda, Peter, Dick, Maralee, Fred, Earl, Eliot, Diane, Abe, Bernie, Letti, Leon, Arthur, Maria, Lois, Donovan, David, Krug, Neil, Zbigniew, Gretchen, U. S. News & World Report, Mike Gold, Warren, Marty, all our street sellers, the outlaws, Jeff's and Alice's (who provided sustenance), Lisa, and our spiritual advisors. And we wouldn't leave out Mitch.

Many thanks to those who brought us the FM radio, the record player, the mattress, the office supplies, the contributions of money and the stuff that we can't mention here. We can always use: more bread, more street sellers, a truck, van or microbus, a conveyor belt, file cabinets, typewriters, staplers, press type, manila envelopes, scalpels, rapidographs, photographic screens, zippatone, Kodalith negative paper and chemicals, PMT paper and activator, border tapes, type-font balls for the IBM selectric-composer, an electric mimeo machine, the works of M. C. Escher, any nice graphics books. We could also dig an airforce parka, a couple of bicycles, a trainset, another mattress, 100 no. 3 gelatin caps, a spring clutch, a small refrigerator, a piano, a plumber, and a lid for Shayna.

Our apologies and a correction go to James Vincent Congine, whose article last issue should have carried a copyright notice. All rights to reprint Congine's article are reserved by him alone, except for members of the Underground Press Syndicate.

Entire contents of this newspaper are copyright © 1970 by Seed Publishing, Inc.--all rights reserved. This is intended to protect us against rip-off of our articles and graphics by pig publishers and is not in any way intended to prevent our sisters and brothers on underground and movement newspapers from reprinting material from this paper.

FREE CITY RIDES AGAIN!

Cast-iron stomachs intact, the elections came and left, leaving Free Citizens yawning from the Dees who won and the Dums who lost. There were a couple of notable exceptions though. In Aspen, Colorado, the "Freak Power" candidate for Mayor, who among other things wanted to "decommercialize" the Aspen area, lost by five hundred or so votes. Hunter Thompson is his name. Remember him, Aspen, come next election. Lawrence, Kansas (that's middle america, folks...) elected its first Yippie Justice of the Peace, Philip C. Hill. Phil filed as a Democrat, wrote himself in as a candidate for Justice of the Peace at the same time he registered to vote. Secrecy told the rest of the story. He received a whopping 6,000 votes. Congratulations from Free City, Phil--now Lawrence can be assured that Justice will be done, especially to all those rowdy peace-breakers there. Phil's other job was being a mobile druggist. Free City sure hopes he uses his weed wisely. . .

Closer to home, conspirators from several major Free City organizations have willfully consorted to set up plans for a bail fund and a medical clinic for freaks. The Free Clinics which already exist in other communities are there to serve their own communities, and are already overworked and overcrowded. These plans for a freak clinic look good on paper, but people really interested in working to organize are needed to make them happen. Also people with the necessary skills are needed, and anyone who wants to help is invited to come to the next Free City meeting and start things happening. Free City meetings have been moved from Monday to Wednesday, to allow greater organizational participation. They breathe together at 7:30 p.m. in the wonderful Wobblie Hall, 2440 N. Lincoln. Come!

Right downstairs from Wob Hall lies the prestigious Head Imports. On October 28, around noontime, a package arrived, not much later hordes of police of all descriptions descended on the place. The package contained some of that mothershocking brown stuff. Four people were busted amid shouts of "Up Against the corkboard!" and "It's like talking to a wall" as the victims kept their cool. The bust was a joint (excusing the pun) effort of the 18th and 19th District Chicago police, Federal narcs, State narcs, Postal inspectors, and even a police matron. There are rumors afloat of the involvement of the Soviet KGB, Interpol and the airport outfit that hassled Jane Fonda in Cleveland recently. The whole thing smells like a plant to logical person. In other words, folks, beware of any suspicious packages that are sent to you. Some of them may come from 11th and State where they have the one big mother of Big Windy's police offices stations.

Speaking of power structure conspiracies, the San Jose incident with Nixon last month raises a lot of thought provoking questions like, "Just before an election? . . . and recent memories of freaks being used in T.V. political ads, crossing state lines to incite blah blah ad nauseum. Stay tuned. . .

Uncle Martin

RUNAROUND

On November 11th, Koolaide, the Depot, Grace Lutheran and YAP met with representatives from the Michael Reese Hospital Crisis center and the State Department of Mental Health to discuss their community programs, particularly their runaway programs.

The information that came out at the meeting wasn't too good. The Seed will be going into the details of each agency's programs in subsequent articles, but the following will give some idea of what these agencies are into and how they deal with runaways.

The Depot (in Hyde Park) said that they are basically oriented toward the parents, and do mainly family therapy after the kid is back home. Runaways seldom walk in off the street, and they seem to have no programs to deal with the immediate needs of runaways.

Grace Lutheran stated that their program was in existence for 2 1/2 years and took great pride in that fact. It was difficult to ascertain what exactly their programs were. They did say, however, that they will only contact a family if the runaway wants them to, but they also said that they have no resources to deal with minors, those under 18.

YAP is a hotline sponsored by the Aurora YMCA with a paid staff of 2 and a volunteer staff of 50, few of whom

are under 20 years old. Their phones are open during the day, with an answering service at night, emergencies are referred to the director. Yap also counsels people in their office. The director of YAP states that they have a beautiful relationship with the police.

Michael Reese has a Crisis Center in operation 24 hours a day and anyone in need of immediate psychiatric help can call. Supposedly people who live within the boundaries of the center can come in and get emergency help, but in practice the bureaucratic red tape makes emergency psychiatric hospitalization a difficult experience, and may REALLY drive you insane.

None of these agencies really seem to be dealing with runaways as people. Although they feel that talking to the kids is important, the parents are seen as more important. Little mention was made of WHY the kids run away from home in the first place, their emphasis is on getting them back to their parents and making them into good suburbanites. Both the depot and Grace Lutheran commented on the growth of an underground network of places runaways could crash and get food and medical help. But the agencies are not asking themselves why such a network exists. They don't want to deal with the fact that the kids don't trust them, that they see these agencies as part of the whole system that they ran away from and don't want to

go back to.

These agencies are run by adults, some of them with training in social work, and all of them are committed to the system as it exists now. They may be liberals and have sympathy with the runaways they deal with, but all of them are very self-satisfied with what they are doing, satisfied with their good relations with the police and the probation system, and all gave off the attitude "we're not looking for trouble." There seemed to be little comprehension of the complexity and absurdity of growing up these days.

One of the things that's basically wrong with these agencies is that none of them are capable of dealing with the legal hassles of being under 18. A minor is property under the present law, he or she is owned by mom and dad. Run away and the police bring you back. If the parents don't want the kid back, he goes off to the Audy Home and the custody of the state. The agencies don't want to deal with the situation, at least none of them are making any attempt to have the laws changed. Maybe they feel that the law is right and proper, which is kind of a fucked up attitude.

The Depot, Koolaide and the rest do help runaways though—the ones who want to go back to their parents. Those who want to split permanently had better be careful of them, and should read the "Leaving Home" article in the last issue of the Seed.

Are there any alternative runaway programs, other than the underground network? Can there be an overground alternative given the present laws on running away and harboring a minor? We'd be interested in finding one.

Gretchen

STILL RUNNING

The following consists only of additions and changes to an article publishing in a previous issue. It should be read with, not separate from, the original piece:

A subversive and corrupting article called Leaving Home for Fun and Profit—A Primer, was published in the Volume 6, Number 1 (preceding) issue of the very newspaper you now hold in your hands. Unfortunately, we forgot to mention a few scheming, rebel-rousing, theft-encouraging ideas in the original piece, so we're mentioning them here.

WHERE TO GO: NEVER go to Old Town. The place is flooded with undercover and uniformed pigs looking specifically for runaways. The same goes for places like the West village in New York. Hip and plastic-hip hangouts be they stores of communities, are constantly watched for dope, runaways, and other hippie commie revolutionary things. Check up on the undercover and uniformed hot counts with knowledgeable people (local underground paper, switchboard) before you go to any notoriously good freak center, or you may find out the true situation in a jail cell, juvenile home, or from your parents. Also remember that such knowledgeable people are usually under sur-

veillance themselves (how else would they know about it?) and at least have a tapped telephone.

WHERE TO CRASH: Getting a crash pad can be difficult for those under 18, especially when going through straight or liberal agencies. The best policy is to say you are 18 and hopefully have I.D. to prove it. Don't worry if you can't get the identification, most halfway decent (as far as we're concerned) agencies don't even ask to see it. The most ideal thing is to get a place on your own through the "underground runaway network" and eventually rent an apartment.

Women should be very careful about where and with who they crash. If you don't watch out, you may end up addicted to smack courtesy of the pusher you thought was o.k. to stay with, in a brothel, or....most commonly...laid in some dude's apartment. The latter is sure to happen to those hanging around rock bands.

Be cautious. That guy on the street looks at you as a fuck, not a person, especially when he knows you're a runaway. Don't be afraid to contact a women's liberation group for aid, even if you don't agree with them politically. At least you can trust they are interested in helping you and not bailing you. If you're from a white middle-class back-

ground, you should be prepared to find a lot of surprises in the city that will harden you, because if you won't harden you won't survive.

It is sometimes possible to use chauvinism to your advantage. Male pigs cannot search you, so you're safer holding. Also they see you as a fuck, not a criminal. You can use this to get out of a lot of tight situation. Just make sure it won't get you into a tighter one.

THE LAW: We made a slight error in the first article in implying that 18 was the age at which one can leave home in Illinois. 18 is the age women can leave home in Illinois. Technically, men cannot leave until they are 21. In practice, men over 18 will not be hassled for splitting unless their parents report them to the police and make a big shit about it. Even then, don't expect big city police to be SEARCHING for you. They usually won't SEARCH for those over 16, although they will put out an APB (all point bulletin) and policemen in the seven state area (Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Missouri, Kentucky) will have heard your name and description once or twice along with those of dozens of other runaways.

MORE RIP-OFFS: Big chain stores owned by large corporations are part of the network that keep the wars going and make sure the rich stay rich and the poor stay poor. They even have budget allowance for predicted thefts (hint?) Don't hurt the small shop owner who makes

CONTINUED ON P. 18 →

ANGRY RUNS IT

The Chicago Free Press says it exists to bring truth to the people. The purpose of the weekly magazine has been in question since its beginning, because of its money backers who have tried to control some of the "truth." Until two issues ago it could have been ignored, but in that issue there were two articles that could not slip by—one on abortion and one on CORP. In the article on CORP and a recent shooting, the "free press" printed pig statements, such as CORP stands for Congress of Racial Prejudice. Corp has never called themselves that and the Free Press was just being cute, so cute in fact that the article has caused more racial tensions. The mention of RUA was totally unnecessary and the way it was mentioned made it sound like RUA said that Latins were pushing whites out of the neighborhood. There is a quote straight from a brother's mouth that describes what happened, and a piggish piece of gossip that says the brother was shouting about "killing all niggers." It is a lie and can only heighten tensions. The also called RUA a middle-class organization. Do we have to say more? They acted as total pigs, and the sisters went down to deal with them as pigs.

So on Friday the 13th we the Rising Up Angry sisters went down to the offices of the so-called Chicago "free" Press to deal with these motherfuckers, with cans of red spray paint and righteous people's anger. We fucked them up, spraying everything in sight—the walls, papers on the desk, machines and one creep who grabbed one of our sisters. Most of the wimps were too astonished

to move. This one dude (260 pounds of ham) thought he might be able to deal with us. So one sister gave him a karate chop, two others sprayed him, and the sister he grabbed hit him in the head with her can of spray paint.

After about five minutes of people's justice, Chicago "Free" Press showed their true nature—they called the pigs. We split and got away to fight another day.

RISE UP ANGRY STATEMENT ON THE SO-CALLED "CHICAGO FREE PRESS"

We hate you motherfuckers because you are pigs. Pigs because you pretend you are on the left, while you fuck over the people with lies and distortions.

You are opportunist pigs: The editorial staff of the Chicago "Free Press" says they will print the truth, but only because you know people are looking for the truth. Instead, you use personal friendships with real revolutionaries to get hip gossip—the ultimate scoop.

In your recent CORP article, all you did was sensationalize a tragic situation and distort the truth, by emphasizing the contradictions among the people, and you didn't talk at all about the contradictions the pigs create. You don't know anything about the people, and what's more, you don't give a damn about them.

You lie, exaggerate weaknesses, and even distort the real work that revolutionary people are doing. You won't attack pigs, because you yourselves are tied in with pigs.

You pretend to have left leanings, but you have absolutely no understanding of revolutionary processes or revolutionary change. You emphasize failures without even touching on the positive strengths of the people's struggle.

In fact, you help create divisions among the people, by making it seem that the pigs favor the grease in the neighborhood over the hippies; or visa versa, it doesn't matter to you.

Your arrogance increases class prejudices. Your elitism in viewing yourselves as "professional" journalists, and your attitudes as male chauvinist pigs were clearly evident in the article on abortion. Even though the article was written by a woman, her potential status as a "professional" journalist was more important to her than her solidarity with her sisters. Otherwise she would never have exposed the vulnerable parts of an operation set up to serve the real needs of all sisters.

The "Chicago Free Press" has no reason to exist. The type of articles written in it are always found in the Chicago Daily News and the Chicago Tribune.

As the people say—Freedom is Freedom and Fascism is Fascism. Fascism slips into power under the guise of social democracy. Your elitist ego trip with the "Free Press" merely points you out as a wimpy tool of Nixon and his fellow fascist maggots.

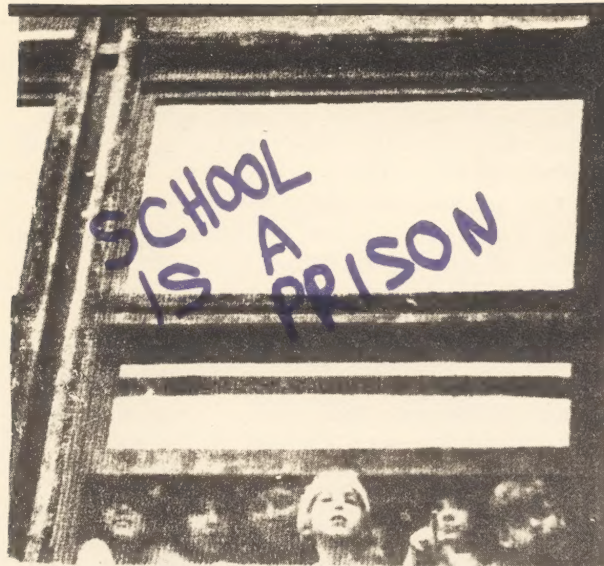
A PIG IS A PIG IS A PIG!

HIT THE ROAD, JACK!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

DEATH TO THE FASCIST PIGS!

RISE UP ANGRY SISTERS!



leashed at recess, children explode, yelling, pushing and exerting themselves with a frightening intensity which re-confirms the teacher's belief that they should be pent up, or the classroom would be full of mayhem.

It doesn't work. It doesn't work to call the prison "school." You're supposed to learn something in school. You're supposed to be educated. But the teacher is too busy being a policeman and a babysitter to be an educator; too busy keeping order among the social deviants and keeping them occupied with busy work to keep them out of trouble. The children learn—they learn how to gauge what the teacher wants, how to do as little work as possible and still get by, how to survive the competition. Whatever intellectual curiosity they had—all children are richly endowed with curiosity—dies, is exterminated by being forced to learn what they are supposed to learn, as determined by the board of education. If they put any effort into learning what is placed before them it is only for the grades, the teacher's approval, their parent's pride, or "to get into college."

"All children I have met are intelligent; the adults for the most part are stupid. The difference is education." Elie Wiesel

Free schools are schools that aren't prisons. The whole principle behind them is that human beings, if left to their own devices, would learn what they have to without any hassles, keeping intact their intellectual curiosity. In other words, the more one learns the more one wants to learn. Unfortunately, as mentioned earlier, this natural instinct to learn is trampled to death in the schools. The ideal educational institution would not be a school at all. It would be an environment—a neighborhood, a section of the city, a farm—plus a laboratory—a place equipped with books, art supplies, microscopes, records, sewing machines, typewriters, a kitchen, lumber and wood-working tools, tools of all kinds.

There are all sorts of possibilities: Watch people working in the neighborhood, watch people in the neighborhood who don't work, try to find a patch of grass, some birds or a squirrel, climb to the roof of a building and see things from a new perspective, ride the subway to the end of the line and back, go to the zoo and figure out how to free the animals, go to a garage and watch a car being fixed, visit a courtroom to find out what injustice is, visit an old age home (another sort of prison), find a cobbler (that's no easy task) and watch him make a shoe, go to the beach and collect rocks, draw messages on city sidewalks with chalk, spend the day at O'Hare.

Or stay in the laboratory and explore a dead cockroach under the microscope, try to find information on how cars work, how airplanes fly, what Chicago was like before there was a subway; try to make a shoe, build a clubhouse, make a loaf of bread (see p. 28), put some music on and move to it, record the day's experiences in a journal. . . .

And when do they learn to read? And when do they do arithmetic? A child will learn to read when he is ready, the same way he started talking when he was ready. He or she wasn't forced to learn how to talk. She or he started talking when it was necessary to communicate with words, and when she or he was physically and psychologically ready to start talking. No amount of drilling will speed the process—it will make the child clam up. And to sit her/him down with a bunch of other children just learning how to talk wouldn't help either. He or she will start talking after being talked to, after hearing people talk, after understanding what talking is all about. Notwithstanding this, we take children who don't know how to read, sit them down with a bunch of other children who don't know how to read, and proceed to try to teach them how to read. How do we know they are ready? Have they been read to? Have they had contact with books? Have they been around people who read? Do they find it necessary to know how to read? Children who have been left to their own devices have eventually taught themselves how to read, just as they teach themselves how to speak, without the resulting hassles that children who are forced to read go through. It should be the teacher's job to read to children, to see when they are ready to read and want to, and guide them from there with words and stories that are important to them. Dick and Jane see Spot run Spot run turn off more children to reading than is imaginable. They are boring and unimaginative and unreal children (and dog). When children are confronted with stories and words that are important to them, they remember them, they learn to read. When children are given sentences and stories that they have written or made up as reading matter, it interests them, excites them, and they learn to read very quickly.



When do they do arithmetic? When they pay their fare on the El, when they measure ingredients for something they are cooking, when they measure a board for something they are building, when they mix paint, when they figure out what time it is. Children will naturally be fascinated by numbers, and by what numbers can do, once they have "discovered" numbers. If they never discover them on their own, it will be just another subject they are forced to memorize, without really ever understanding what it is all about.

Are there any free schools in Chicago? Maybe. The Parent's School is not a prison. It's four walls are a storefront (one on Wrightwood, one on Halsted), but the school goes far beyond it and utilizes its surroundings—the neighborhood and the city. The kids run in and out to the play yard, to the corner store, to who knows where. They can paint, build, cook, mold clay or whatever. They learn to read without Dick and Jane. Their teachers have first names and wear blue jeans. That's what I learned from one day's observation. That it is a desirable alternative to the public schools is certain; that it is as effective as it should and could be is certainly not. It is harder to "teach" in a free school. You don't have a set curriculum which tells you what to teach every minute of the day. You don't use up most of the time disciplining. You deal directly with life and its significance for those you are dealing with—children and yourself. It is harder to "teach" in a free school, but it is easier to live. Take your pick.

—Maralee

Postscript: Are there other educational alternatives in the city, elementary or high school. If you are involved in any or know of any please get in touch with me at the Seed—I'd like to know about and/or publicize them.

Our children are imprisoned by the state. Our children are imprisoned by the city of Chicago. For the incredible sin of being five years old they are sentenced by the board of education to spend 11 to 17 years in prisons called school, with time off (for good behavior?) at holidays and during the summer. Most are turned over to the custody of their parents for the night. Numerous prison reforms have been discussed and some instituted, but little has been done to change that which makes the school a prison.

In the prison called school, children are treated like second-class human beings. They have to respect and obey their teachers and school officials, without getting any respect or consideration in return. They are treated like dumb animals (apologies to the animal kingdom) who have to be taught to be human by being constantly disciplined. They are treated as if they were all the same, all had the same background, same interests, same abilities, same needs, as determined by those who know—the adults. They are treated as if they were social deviants. They are not allowed to communicate with each other—to speak, touch, send messages—unless given express permission by the supreme and sole authority, the teacher. They are made to sit still, contrary to their nature, for long periods of time. It is forbidden to turn around, to talk, to eat, to acknowledge the presence of the other social deviants in the room. By the time they are un-



GETTING BUSTED

Getting busted will never be pleasant, but it does not have to be a tragedy. If you know what to do, you can save needless grief and come through the experience with as little hassle as possible.

BUSTED ON THE STREET:

Illinois law allows for "stop and frisk." This means that a police officer may call you to a halt, ask you for your name and address, and pat down the outside of your clothing in search of dope, weapons, etc. Supposedly, he needs "probable cause" to do this, but he can easily make one up. In practice, the police think nothing of dipping their hands into your pockets or leafing through your wallet if nobody is watching. Because of this, you should not be carrying around information, toys or equipment that ties other people into you, nor should you be carrying illegal stuff merely for the kick.

The law forbids male police to search women. This holds up pretty well except for prostitution cases and some instances in the ghetto. Because of this, women are the best carriers to stash---chauvinism can be turned against those who use it. However, feelings run high in street actions, and women participating in them should expect harsher treatment than usual.

As uniforms become targets, more cops are switching to plain clothes. You can make sure that the guy putting the arm on you is what he says he is by asking to see his badge. If he shows it to you, remember the number and ask for his name.

In an arrest situation, be very cool unless you're sure that you and those with you have the situation in hand. Policemen are armed and should be considered dangerous. Keep in mind that resisting arrest is a separate offense, and that you can go down for it even if you beat the original charge.

You do not have to answer any questions except those about your name and address. False names have less of a chance of getting by if your fingerprints are on an arrest record somewhere, but using the address of a "responsible" person who you know will cover for you can keep your true residence a secret.

BUSTED AT A DEMONSTRATION:

Arrests made in this situation tend to involve more physical force than the average bust. Non-violent protestors may be thrown into paddy-wagons, Weatherman-style people may be Elrod or worse. Do not wear clothing, earrings, etc that will slow you down or which can be grabbed.

A special danger at demonstrations is "the agent provocateur." This is a pig disguised as a person who tries to put people in situations where they will be smashed. He may do this by leading people into blind alleys, telling other policemen what's going on, or casting the first stone.

Submit to arrest if you cannot get away. Trying to split opens you up to physical damage and a second offense. Hopefully, consciousness was high enough prior to the demonstration or action to insure that people took to the streets with phone numbers for bail and legal aid. In all but the most hostile situations, the cops at the station will allow you a chance to use them.

Many arrests made at demonstrations do not stand up in court. This is because the main anti-riot tactic is "the sweep," in which a line of pigs grab everybody as they run down the street. If you are picked up during a sweep, you should not resist, as your bond will be low and your chances of beating the bust very high.

BUSTED IN YOUR CAR:

The law says that your car cannot be searched without either a search warrant or "probable cause." The law also says the "exploratory searches"---searches involving crimes other than the one for which you have been stopped---are not allowed. Reality says that you will be frisked if you dropped your shoulder an eighth of an inch when the Mars light changed from off to blue. Reality also says that running a light will lead to a cop poking around your trunk. About the best thing you can do is to say loudly and clearly and in the presence of witnesses that he is searching your car without your permission. The rest is up to the lawyers.

BUSTED IN YOUR HOUSE:

Unless it's for something like a noise complaint, the police need a search warrant to enter your house. However, lest you rest easy in the confidence that the law

is on your side, you should know the reality of how the system works.

In order to get a search warrant, a police officer has to go before a magistrate with a statement that a "reliable informant" has attested to illegal activity at your house. A recent state law "protecting" the informant from the dangers associated with stool-pigeoning has allowed imaginative policemen to make up all kinds of stories told to them by all kinds of non-existent people. In other words, if a cop decides that your crib is worth cracking, he doesn't need a third party to confirm his suspicions. All he has to do is make a statement that some judge faced with an avalanche of dockets will rubber-stamp. When the case comes to court, your lawyer will in most instances be unable to "go behind the warrant" to check out who---if anyone---ratted on you.

The police are not very cordial when they come to your home. Sometimes they forget to show you their warrant. Sometimes they even forget to carry a warrant with them. It is said that some detectives atone for their forgetfulness by remembering to bring a little something to plant inside a stereo speaker or under a cushion; however, in the majority of cases you will be spared if the police cannot find whatever it is they thought/think you have. See past and future Seeds for information on stashing.

Because you have the nerve to know your house better than the pigs, the federal government has seen fit to aid the boys in blue by passing the "no-knock" law. This law allows federal officers to LEGALLY break down your door without announcing their presence if they think that a hello will cause you to say good-bye to contraband before letting them in. It does not matter that grass is a gas or that you may not have anything on the premises when they come. After all, you could have, and you might have tried to flush it down the toilet. Think of that when you're trying to convince your landlord to replace your door without raising your rent.

Resisting such a raid is a mistake unless you are clearly willing to fight by every means necessary.



AT THE STATION HOUSE:

You will be asked all kinds of questions by the officer filling out the arrest report. You can refuse to answer all of them except for name/address without running into trouble, and some people have gotten away with aliases. You do not have to give any statement, nor do you have to sign any statement that you may make. Sign only your bond slip.

You may be strip-searched.

Your possessions will be held at the desk. Get a receipt.

The interrogation may occur at the same time as the completion of the arrest report or later on. It is a serious matter. You have no idea what they know about your alleged crime---or what they think they know. You don't know with whom they've spoken, whether or not a stakeout was in effect, or who they know or suspect was with you. Anything that you say can be held against you, just like the Man on TV says.

The interrogation can take several forms. Generally the officer will be what Nixon calls "well-mannered" and what a high school principal calls "well-dressed." Don't be fooled. On other occasions one cop will come over and say all kinds of threatening shit, at which point a second will cool him out, reassure you, and try to slip in a few questions under the guise of concern. This second approach is called "good guy/bad guy." Don't be fooled.

Don't think that you can get a story together once you've been busted. Again, you have no idea of what they know, and consequently no idea of what they will believe. Police sometimes stash tape recorders under the back seats of patrol cars and write their reports around the dress rehearsal script you and your friends put together. Silence is golden.

Don't be a smartass. Many cops are pigs who love to go up against the people they arrest. Smartasses come in two varieties---the professor and the gang-banger---and either can be dealt with once in custody. When refusing to give information, do so politely and let it slide if you're called a jagoff or an asshole. The goal is to get back on the streets as soon as possible, not to show some idiot you know more curse words than him (you don't).

After the arrest report is completed, you will be given a chance to make between one and three phone calls. Make the first one count: pick someone who you can trust to get on the case. Ask the desk officer where and when your bond hearing will be, and make sure that whomever you call gets the information. Get an estimate of your bond, and let whomever you've called know how much money you think your freedom will cost. On busy nights you may have to wait hours before getting a chance at the phone. Ask about calling just enough for the jailer not to forget you and few enough times so that he doesn't ignore you.

You will be fingerprinted, photographed, checked for outstanding warrants and, if you come at the right time, given a baloney sandwich. You will also be put into a cell with anywhere from zero to twenty other people. Generally, you should not be hassled by the other arrestees, generally the jailer will break up any shit, either because he runs a tight ship or because you are not a true prisoner and therefore can still make waves after you're cut loose. You should not confuse the holding tank with confessional; sometimes pigs will masquerade as criminals confessional; sometimes pigs will masquerade as prisoners in order to gain information.

You should hire and see a lawyer at the first possible opportunity. He or she can be present for questioning, and at any lineup that you may be involved in. Lawyers hired out of the Yellow Pages and public defenders tend to lack connections, time and in some cases skill, but restrain your desire for upward mobility until you're on the street and in a position to look for something better.

At Bond Court the magistrate will hear the complaint and post bond. Bond is ten percent of the bail set for the offense that you are being held for, and must be put up before you will be released. Most bonds can be predicted by the desk officer at the station house, so those whose wisdom was increased by reading the early parts of this article already know that they should use their phone call to initiate fund-raising. The law states that bail must be set in all cases except those which carry the death penalty (capital crimes), but bonds high enough to be called ransoms are becoming more common in political cases.

If you know that there is no chance of raising bond, ask to see someone from social services. Answer honestly about addresses, jobs, family and previous arrests, as what you say will be checked. If all goes well, you will be released on what is called an I Bond, which means that you don't have to put up any money.

There are various progressive legal agencies which may be able to help you even before you go to trial. The People's Law Office (929-1880) will defend radicals and revolutionaries busted for political offenses, while the Counter-Culture Law Project (649-8576) will aid groups and individuals with undefined politics.

FINAL NOTES:

What you have just read is not the Ten Commandments. If you are a fugitive, you may decide to fight rather than go down on two charges. If you are poor and/or black and/or brown and/or Indian, you will probably be faced with bail bonds which in themselves amount to cruel and unusual punishments. Cook County Jail is filled with people whose sole offense is not being privileged enough to have sufficient bucks for bond. The preceding is nothing more than a guide. It should not be taken as the Word---or as a solution to the immense inequalities of the system of courts and police that oppresses so many of us.

Next issue we will discuss the special problems encountered by runaways, homosexuals and political folk.



"I want to be in A-Mer-i-ca," wails Rita Moreno, in one of her all-time greats. And by means of dancing, tragic love affairs, gang-wars, and music (lots of music) movie viewers get some sort of vague, mild, social message: Puerto-Ricans don't have an easy time of it in Amerika.

You don't have to look far to discover just how gross an understatement that is. In Chicago's near-northwest side resides a large spanish-speaking community (Puerto Ricans and some Mexicans), U.S. citizens by birth, or by choice (little did they know). Many of the people in the community came to the U.S. juiced up with great doses of how "anyone can make it" and "rugged individualism" propaganda bullshit, and they continued to believe it, as they struggled just to get food in their mouths. Unfortunately, but understandably, some interpreted their failure to "make it" as personal failure, and began to accept the labels continually placed on them: "unskilled," "unqualified," "not proficient in English." Ashamed, but resigned to being on welfare, or living in poverty, they just tried to make the best of it, and dreamed from time to time of returning to Puerto Rico—where at least they had a little plot of land.

There are others in the community—and their number is growing—who realize that it is not personal failure, but the failure of our economic and political system, as reflected in its institutions, which is keeping brown-skinned people down. They know that their people are as qualified or skilled as any white man for a job. They know that the reason people in the community can't get good medical care is because the two large hospitals in the area—St. Mary's and St. Elizabeth's—can maintain all sorts of legal and illegal policies and get by very well without having to care for spanish-speaking people. They know that the doctors who have offices in the area (and who live in the suburbs) can profit from the people by charging outrageous fees for minimal health care; many of these are Cuban doctors who left Cuba because they couldn't carry on their corrupt practices after the Revolution. They know that in this system, welfare should be considered a right, and not charity, since it is money paid to the government that people are getting back, and since no amount of welfare paid to Puerto-Ricans in this country could make up for what the United States has taken from Puerto Rico. And most important, they know that the alternative for the community is not to dream of going back to Puerto Rico, where the army and U.S. tax-free factories have taken most of the land and resources—but to fight for their rights in this country.

People who were hip to the potential physical and emotional destruction of their community by U.S. policies and propaganda joined together in 1966, initially to raise bail money for people busted in the Division Street riots. They became the Latin American Defense Organization (LADO), and quickly found that a major demoralizing force in the community was the Wicker Park Welfare office, and the runaround people would

get when they tried to obtain even the minimal services supposedly provided for by welfare. Women, ashamed to be on welfare, would come to the LADO storefront and speak in hushed tones about a check the caseworker said was "lost in the mail," or about needing a new crib for a baby due in a week. In that epoch, the Wicker Park Welfare office was a quiet place, where caseworkers would respond to recipients' complaints with indignant, bureaucratic evasiveness, or solicitous "we are going the best we can" answers.

In the Spring of 1967, encouraged by LADO, small groups of welfare recipients began going to the welfare office and DEMANDING that their needs be met. That year LADO organizers and welfare recipients took advantage of a strike by some of the caseworkers, and hassled the understaffed office so much that they literally stopped the office, and some money was given on the spot, just to get them out. A number of confrontations of this sort occurred in 1968, during which the police would be called, and LADO members would be hauled off to jail, the typical charges being disorderly, and resisting arrest.

In March of 1969, a Coalition was formed between LADO and several church and social agencies, to press for certain demands from the Wicker Park office. Principle among the demands was the removal (transfer) of the head of the office, because he had cut the revolving fund (available emergency cash) down to practically nothing. The Coalition staged two large demonstrations, in which they presented the demands. About 10 people were arrested, and the demands were not met. The demonstrations brought many people together, but the lack of concrete results caused LADO to change its tactics somewhat. Direct action and confrontation had succeeded in creating a spirit of solidarity and trust in LADO as an organization—people saw that LADO meant what it said about fighting for one's basic rights, even risking arrest and jail sentence. Now the emphasis is on strengthening the community base to prepare for a time when larger and further confrontations can bring more results.

In June, 1969, they decided to have a food program. The first day of the program, hot meals were brought to women and children waiting inside the Welfare Office. They were not arrested, but were told to leave, and the second day the doors were guarded. So the food was served to the people waiting on the sidewalk. Naturally, there was a city ordinance against that, so the third day food was served from the back of station wagons. After a while the cops stopped coming around. For three months welfare recipients and their families had hot lunches every day, while waiting for their "turn" inside the office. The street turned into a festival, the people got fed, and the physical, mental and emotional condition of people living under welfare was nourished by the entire community.

In addition to the Welfare Union, another outgrowth of LADO is the Pedro Albizu Campos Peoples' Health Center. The center has been open since last June, and is affiliated with Northwestern University inasmuch as it supplies much needed doctors and back-up services—services that would be a long time coming if LADO were to try and confront neighboring hospitals. But the Health Center is completely community controlled, and geared to serving the medical needs of the spanish-speaking community. At present, it is only open one evening a week, but it serves as many as 50 people during its open hours.

Although LADO is part of a revolutionary movement, its rhetoric is low-key, and its present task is to build a base of trust in the community, and to develop in the people the kind of spirit required for fighting the institutions that need to be fought. The immediate and tangible struggle for welfare rights and health care is already building a movement, from the bottom up. Mothers on welfare no longer whisper their problems; they demand their rights! The Wicker Park Welfare office is no longer the tranquil place it used to be: case-workers are now "protected" in cell-like cages; guards stand at the doors. They know LADO means business.

And the people in the community know LADO is a peoples' organization. Moreover, they are coming to understand how the government is afraid of LADO and trying to repress it by means of trumped-up charges of disorderly, or assault and battery. And the Health Clinic is presently being subjected to the same kind of discriminatory harassment experienced by other free (political) clinics in Chicago. The people in the community know all this—and still they choose to stand by LADO.

Obed Lopez, a LADO organizer, is currently awaiting trial for a confrontation in April, 1969, in the Wicker Park Welfare office in which a cop busted his head open with handcuffs, and for which Obed was charged with assault and battery of a police officer. With regards to the purpose of LADO, he says:

"When we work to provide for the simplest and most critical physical needs of our community, we also want to regain for all the Latin American people, and all exploited peoples, one of their heroes. By naming our health service the Pedro Albizu Campos Center for Peoples' Health, we make explicit that which all our people who think and feel know. That is: We will be free when our bodies and minds become free. And we can only be free by remaining true to the dreams which our heroes gave their lives for. The Health Center is not only a tribute to a true man, but also a determined continuation of the work and ideals that sustained Pedro Albizu Campos in life."

And if you don't know what all that means, read up on Puerto Rican history. Pedro Albizu Campos was a revolutionary, in the truest sense of the word!

—diane

Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention

November 27, 28 & 29, 1970

Washington, D.C.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY

A conference called by the Black Panther Party to write a new constitution for the United States that will guarantee human rights and dignity to ALL the people!

For further information contact: Gwen Moore, Communication Coordinator for R.P.C.C., 2327 18th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009. 265-4418 (202) or (202) 667-1345 46/47.

In Chicago, contact Rising Up Angry -472-1791, the People's Information Center, 549-8626 or the Black Panther Party, 243-8276.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!



U.S. Senator Ted Kennedy was kidnapped the other day by a group of radicals who, in a communique sent to the Associated Press, demanded the release of Black Panthers Bobby Seale and Erika Huggins in exchange for his life. They set a three day deadline. When the government failed to respond, they killed him and kidnapped the governor of Connecticut. President Nixon went on nationwide television and announced that he was declaring a state of national emergency and suspending the Bill of Rights. The FBI, the Army and local police immediately began a round up of all people known to be sympathetic to the Panthers, those who had contributed bail money in the past, lawyers who had defended them in court, people who had signed petitions. The Seed and more than 100 other underground newspapers that reprinted the kidnapper's communique had their offices seized and members of their staff arrested for questioning. Thousands of raids were conducted on private homes without war-

"GET OUT OF HERE, BOY, BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO PICK YOU UP"

rants. In New Haven, a scheduled rally in support of Seale and Huggins was declared illegal. Possession of a Black Panther newspaper was punishable by indefinite imprisonment.

Sound unreal? Check out what's been happening in Canada. The Front de Liberation du Quebec, which stands for independence and socialism in the French speaking province, kidnapped the Senior British Trade Commissioner James Cross in Montreal on October 5, and demanded the liberation of 23 political prisoners, payment of \$500,000 in gold, reinstatement of 400 workers fired for seeking union recognition, and identification of the most recent man to inform on the FLQ. The FLQ emphasised that the kidnapping action was taken because of the way their members had been treated in Canadian courts. One FLQ member, Pierre-Paul Geoffrey, for example, was sentenced to an unprecedented 124 life sentences--5,850 years in jail--not for specific crimes, but primarily for political views.

The government arrested the lawyer that the FLQ had named as their negotiator on charges of 'obstruction of justice.' They said that no talks could be held regarding the release of the political prisoners until the hostage was released. The best offer the government would make was safe passage out of the country for the kidnappers. So the FLQ kidnapped Quebec labor minister Pierre Laporte.

Hundreds of heavily armed troops were called up to protect cabinet ministers, diplomats, prominently wealthy people and federal buildings. Prime Minister Trudeau invoked the "War Measures Act" and police responded by smashing equipment in three radical press shops, rounding up draft dodgers, deserters, radical Vietnamese students and members of militant workers committees--as well as a selection of lawyers, journalists,

singers and doctors. The government really flipped out when Laporte was found dead. In Toronto, police seized 1000 copies of a paper that supported the FLQ. The government used the events that occurred as an excuse to crack down on all possible dissent to their policies--Vancouver Mayor Tom Campbell said that "If we have additional powers we intend to use them. Yes, I would use them for pursuing dope pushers and other kinds of criminals. I would suggest that the draft dodgers had better start dodging. Get out of here, boy, because we're going to pick you up."

In the first eight hours after the War Act was invoked, 250 arrests were made, and bales of political literature were seized. During the first week--1628 raids--no warrants, no charges, no lists of those detained--everyone arrested was held incommunicado.

Quebec, it is important to understand, is a nation. Over 80% of the population speaks French. Thousands of the Quebecois live in slums in the East End of Montreal, where the usual misery of slum living is compounded by bitter winters and humid, hot summers. They work in the factories of General Electric, General Motors, General Dynamics, Dupont, Seagram's; they mine iron ore and copper for Noranda Mines, aluminum for Alcan, and they forest Quebec's timber for Georgia-Pacific.

80% of Quebec's economy is owned by foreign corporations. 60% are American owned. The people of Quebec are a reserve force of cheap labor for American capitalism. They receive 20% lower wages than the average English worker in neighboring Ontario and 30% lower than the American worker. The

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Health is a right. right!

"Patients lying in their own feces with no nurse to change their beds; urine and intravenous fluid puddles on the floors of open wards where an average of 50 acutely ill patients lie; a single dirty bathtub for each of the 60 person capacity wards." Surely you remember the expose of Cook County Hospital last February, when it was threatened with the resignation of most of its medical staff. It's that compound of buildings built prior to 1926, where 80% of the beds are occupied by poor blacks, with the remainder occupied by poor whites and Latins. It's that place which very poor, very sick people spend an hour on the L in the middle of the night getting to, so that they can sit in a waiting room for 3 hours, and then be told they are not sick enough to be admitted.

Why would they go to such a horrible place? Because, for most of them, there's nowhere else to go. Besides, every American city needs a dumping ground for patients who can't afford private fees, and people who are turned down by neighborhood hospitals because they have the wrong skin color. How else could Chicago area doctors maintain their average \$34,000 a year income, and their \$60,000 houses in the north and northwest suburbs?

Cook County Hospital didn't close down, by the way: a compromise was worked out, and the "crisis" soon faded out of the headlines. But in the meantime, Mayor Daley, ever conscientious of the down-trodden and poor, went on T.V. and announced that the City would open temporary clinics to serve the poor.

The Model Cities temporary Health Clinic in Uptown is referred to by the Young Patriots as "The Case of the Hidden Clinic." Oh, it exists--on the 1st and 4th floors of an old building at 4141 N. Clarendon.

But it limps along at a pace of less than 25 patients a day. Originally, it was to be available to all people in Uptown, but was subsequently limited to the Uptown "target area" (a physical demarcation of territory devised by the City, and not comprising the majority of Uptown residents. What's more, it doesn't treat children under five years of age.).

It isn't advertised, and everything possible is done to keep the people of Uptown ignorant about it. This is understandable: since the clinic provides less than adequate health services, being staffed by only 2 doctors, no need to gain notoriety as an out-patient version of Cook County Hospital!

But the people of Uptown, having suffered too long for lack of medical care, did not let the Model Cities clinic remain hidden.

On Friday, November 6, members of the Young Patriots Community Health Service, the Poor Peoples' Coalition, Indian Village, and other Uptown residents went to the clinic. Their demands included: 1) that the clinic be open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Presently, it is only open weekdays from 8 to 5, carefully dodging many of the 1st shift factory and service workers. 2) Doctors who really want to serve the people. At present, the doctors at the clinic are just "borrowed" from other agencies in the building. Uptown residents have learned from experience with them that they don't take decent medical histories (they ask you where you live, and can you afford to pay); no follow ups or home visits are done to make sure the patient is getting well. Medicine is prescribed without proper diagnosis of the ailment. 3) Full community control

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Detroit Annie

NAMES

TEN...

The sun is lemon-pale and low. Morning has just pushed night into history and fog steams off the cold ground. There is frost on the milkweed.

Halfway between the big house and the river stands a barn, and halfway between the barn and the river is a crowd of males--men, boys and dogs. They are trooping down to the water.

In the middle of this group march two men. Big men and Black. They are naked.

At the river the crowd parts, flowing away along its banks for a little distance. The two Black men come to the river and stop. The water is icy; the current swift. One looks over his shoulder beseechingly, seeking a face. Several of the crowd follow his gaze and spot a rough, florid man who has ridden his horse down. The man leans forward and sways slightly. He is drunk.

"Well?" bellows the florid man. "What you wait-in for, Seneca? Get your Black ass in that water."

The crowd turns its collective eye back to the Black men. The one called Seneca is shivering--though whether from the cold or something else is hard to tell.

"Please, mista' Johansonn," he implores. "Don't make me go in that water. I'll fight good, Mista' Johansonn. I'll fight good."

The crowd eyes Johansonn.

Johansonn's face clouds. He sways again and leans both hands on the pommel of his saddle. "Nigger," he says, his voice low with menace, "if you ain't in that river in thirty seconds, you gonna have ta fight Marcell's boy withouten no nuts, cause I swear 'fore gawd I'll get off this horse and rip 'em off your black ass with my bare hands."

The crowd holws its glee. A ripple of applause sputters through its length. "at's tellin' him, Jo!" "Git thet buck in the river, Johansonn. I wanta watch his cock shrivel up!"

Seneca, trembling violently, steps into the bitter current. He catches his breath as the cold bites into him, and stops. Johansonn roars behind him. "Git, Nigger, 'fore I come offen this horse an' kick you in."

Seneca takes a ragged breath, closes his eyes and plunges into the water.

The crowd turns to the remaining Black man and begins to hoot for his entry into the water. He stands as though he doesn't hear them, watching Seneca. After a time the crowd turns to another mounted figure who sits easily on the edge of the mob, waiting to see what he will do. He sits quietly, watching the Black on the bank.

"Hey, Marcell!" Thet nigger of yourn don't seem to hear too good. How you gonna git him in th' river?" Several voices called amused advice.

The mounted man says nothing, merely watches.

Johansonn kicks his horse over to Marcell. "You sure give your niggers a lotta rein. If a boy of mine ever jist stood there like thet I'd take th' hide off his back too quick to see."

Marcell merely nods, absently, stull watching the Black on the bank. Finally he lifts an eyebrow. "Well, Boy?" He asks it quietly.

The Black Man looks at Marcell a long moment: an unfathomable look. Then, with no hesitation, he strides into the water and grasps the man called Seneca under the arms. He gives a powerful heave and pulls the shivering Black from the river. Then, the steam coming off his skin in the frigid air, he looses the man and starts walking up the rise toward the barn. The crowd parts before his silent advance and a few men drop their eyes as he passes. One turns to another. "You see thet? Thet nigger didn't even twitch when he went in!" The other man chews his pipe and nods slowly. "Yep. That's one hard boy. My money's on him all the way."

Marcell rides up beside the stalking Black man and casually drops his riding crop across his chest.

The Black man stops as if stung and snaps a look

of pure hatred at the mounted man. Only a moment; then it passes behind an unreadable mask--the slave face.

The mounted man smiles. He has seen the look before. "A moment, boy," he says.

He leans down and speaks for the Black man alone. "I want you to get that Seneca, boy. I want you to get him good. I have a great deal of money tied up in this fight, and I don't want to lose." He puts a hand on the Black man's neck, gently massaging. "I'm not going to threaten you if you lose. You're too valuable and too intelligent and you hate me too much to waste."

"But if you win, boy, I'm going to give you something worth more than freedom. More than money. If you beat that Seneca, that Johansonn's boy, I'll give you a name."

The mounted man looks into the black man's eyes. "I'll give you MY name, boy."

The Black man stares at his master again, and this time a great heat and hate and bitterness wells out of his eyes. "I'll whip him. I'll whip him. But I'll do it for ME. I'll whip him 'cause they ain't a man alive I CAN'T whip!" And he disengages himself and strides off toward the circle of chill mud that marks the ring, in front of the big red barn, down the hill from the biggest house in Kentucky.

Behind him, Johansonn spurs up beside Marcell again. "Gawd damn, Marcell! If thet ain't th' uppityest nigger I EVER seen! I jist don't understand you lettin' thet boy git away with thet kind of behavior!"

Marcell smiles. "That's all right, Jo. You'll understand when he whips your boy. I could have broken him long ago, but there's nothing like hate to make a man a fighter." He swings to face the drunken plantation owner. "That boy hates the whole world, and he hates me worst of all. And worse than me, he hates my name, the essence of me. And I just promised it to him when he beats Seneca. I gave it to him to tear and hate and mutilate."

Johansonn stares back at his neighbor and his eyes narrow. He shakes his head and whistles. "Clay, you sure a low-down bastard. You a real snake. I wouldn't a done nothin' thet mean to NOBODY. Not even a nigger."

NINE. . .

The men walk about in silence, their guns hanging limp at their sides. Their uniforms are mostly home-made and mostly ragged. They wear slouch hats and blanket rolls, and not many of them have boots. Some have no shoes at all. They look as if they haven't eaten or slept well in many weeks, and this is so.

"Oh, God," says one, fervently. "Oh sweet Jesus." He is staring at the body of a girl which lies half in, half out of the doorway of the farmhouse. Her clothing is torn and bloody and her blouse has been stuffed in her mouth. Her hands are crucified to the wooden floor with two U.S. army bayonets. Most of her entrails are scattered across the porch. She is perhaps thirteen.

Men drift up to the porch from around the burned and ravaged farm. They stand mute, staring. They have seen Shiloh Church, some of them, and Chickamauga.

A greybeard, old, old, shakes his head and turns away, tears running silently down his face. "Not even Injuns'd do thet. Not even Injuns."

Then a horse gallops up through the smoke. There is a boy aboard, his face blackened with battle and twisted with hate. "We licked 'em," he yells. "Th' Bastards're runnin'." He flings himself off the lathered horse and grabs a soldier by the arm. "Guess whut, Ortin? Th' Seventh's captured a whole damn' passel o' yankees." He grits his teeth. "NIGGER yankees."

Heads snap up. "Whut."

"Niggers," the boy repeats. "They's a whole damn regiment o' niggers fightin' with th' yanks."

Some of the soldiers exchange glances. One turns to the boy. "Whur they at, Rufus? Whur them niggers?"

The boy grins savagely. "A bunch o' th' boys got 'em over in thet pasture. Got 'em diggin' a trench."

"Whut fur?" asks the first soldier.

"Figgerin' t'save us th' trouble, later," answers the boy.

One soldier looks at the mutilated girl. "I 'bieve I'll just git me a little kerosene."

A man steps forward and takes the soldier's arm. "Hold up, Jess. We don't know they did it."

Jess shrugs out of the other man's grip. "Guess we don't, Captain. But maybe they did. An' they're niggers."

The Captain reaches for Jess again and Jess casually touches his rifle. "Yes, Captain?" The Captain looks around at his bitter, worn men; and they are not with him. He turns back. "All right, Jess. But you're going to regret this."

Then the Captain sits on the porch of the burning farmhouse while his men collect kerosene and troop grimly off into the smoke. Some time later there comes harsh laughter on the wind, and screams of agony. Then, mercifully, volley after volley of rifle shot.

EIGHT. . .

"My fellow Southerners. We have seen our homes destroyed, our women dishonored, and our proud Confederation ground into the dust. We have seen the carpet-bagger come from his factory and squat on our land, taking the fruits of our labor for his own. We have seen the Jew and the legions of the Pope control our monies and leave us penniless. We ahve seen the slave turned loose on our streets and set over us in the governing of this land our fathers built with their blood and sweat.

"And my Friends, this must stop.

"I propose, therefore, a flowering of the great spirit of chivalry which has characterized the South. I propose an organization of those who still love their land and heritage; an organization of Knights Errant, riding the night to right the wrongs we suffer. Gentlemen, I propose a round table of the noblest and bravest among us. I call it the KuKlux Klan!"

SEVEN. . .

"Leroy! Hey, Leroy, c'mon out!"

"What's doing?"

"Never mind. Just get your clothes on and come on!"

"Chrissakes, Will. It's near two in the morning. I got to be at work by six. Let me get some sleep."

"Naw. You better not miss this, Leroy. It's gonna be remembered a long time. All over Alabama!"

"What you talking about, Will? What you up to?"

"Look."

"A rope? In the middle of the night? What the hell you doing?"

"Going hunting, Leroy."

"Hunting what?"

"Coon, Leroy. Long black coon!"

"... Boy, you better get on back in your bed. Sheriff Wessin find out you trying t'lynch some nigger, he'll have your ass! Too much trouble gets made when something like that happens. Go on home, you hear?"

"Ain't gonna have no trouble from the Sheriff, Leroy. He's leadin' th' party."

"What?"

"Yeh. Seems he come home early an' caught some buck in bed with his woman. Says th' buck claimed she asked him in--an' it's just as likely, knowing her--but he won't hear o'nothin' but running that boy down and hangin' him. Come on! Join th' party."

Leroy studies on it a minute. Then he grins and disappears inside. A moment later he slides out the window and drops to the ground, a shotgun in his hand. He trots over and mounts the running board of Will's model A and they chug off in the moonlit morning. In the distance, a pack of dogs bays frantically.

SIX. . .

"Yes? What do you want?"

"Please, M'am. They's a lady outside. She's hurt awful bad. Been in a car wreck."

"There's a hospital for you people on the other side of

town."

"Please, M'am. She's Bessie Smith. She needs help."

"I don't care who she is, this hospital doesn't handle colored! I suggest you get her across town."

The man gives the nurse an unfathomable look. "Yassum," he says. "Yassum." Then he turns and runs awkwardly back outside. "How is she?" he asks.

"Dead."

FIVE. . .

"Well, Mr. Washington. I'm sorry to have to tell you that that position has been filled."

"Filled? It was vacant this morning and I've been sitting here the whole time. There's been no one apply except me."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Washington."

"Look; my credentials are perfect, I've got experience."

"Mr. Washington, Detroit is a hard city to get a job in. I'd advise you to try seeking employment in sanitation or maintenance, or perhaps in. . ."

"Yeah, yeah. Thank's anyway. Thanks for nothing."

FOUR. . .

The bus is crowded. It's the evening rush. People jam aboard to get out of the rain which drives down in sheets.

The Black girl gets on the bus and is lost in the jam of standees. She struggles with her purse in the narrow space allotted her by the press of people and fishes out change. As she leans forward to pay the driver a hand presses between her legs. She jerks upright, bumping a woman behind. "Watch what you're doing!" the woman yells. "Why don't you get to the back of the bus, where you belong?"

The Black girl turns to face the woman and the hand is between her legs again, pressing through her skirt.

She swings back to face her tormentor, eyes filled with the tears of rage and humiliation. The man, white and beefy, does not move his hand. He leers. "Yeah, girley," he says, "Why'n'cha get on back there where you belong."

Then his hand is abruptly gone and surprise colors his face.

The girl looks down and sees the offending hand caught in a vise-grip. And the gripping hand is Black.

"Yes," comes the deep, powerful voice. "Perhaps you'd better come on back to our section." The Black man releases his grip on the White's wrist, but not on his eyes. "Excuse us," he says politely. Then he hease the girl to the rear of the bus. A lot of people look as if they want to say something, but somehow no one does.

THREE. . .

(Tick)

"Why don't'cha get to th' back of th' bus, where you belong!"

"Get fucked."

(Tock)

"Listen, Boy. You better be careful being seen with a white woman."

"Get fucked."

(Tick)

"Black WHAT?"

"Panther, Honkie; Panther."

(tock)

"O.K., you got thirty seconds to throw those guns out and come out with your hands up!"

"Get fucked!"

TWO

It is unbelievable. The huge man lies unconscious. The Bear is felled with a blow that seemed less than a kiss. And the other, the god-bodied man, bounces around the arena in sheer ecstasy, shouting for the whole of the universe, "I'm the greatest! I'm the GREATEST!"

The fans are stunned, disbelieving. The Bear has fallen to that loud, uppity kid from Louisville. The one it's so easy to hate.

And as the new champ dances down the aisle after his victory, a disgruntled fan shouts through cupped

hands, "You fuckin' NIGGER!"

It takes several trainers and spectators to restrain the Black man. His eyes bulge. He blazes. "Don't call me that! Don't you call me that, you bastard! I'll kill you!"

The champ is dragged away. The little man who shouted chuckles, for he has gotten the goat of the best fighter in the world—and has gotten away with it.

ONE. . .

An estimated million and a half people come to see it. They pay in dollars, marks, Francs, even rupes, for this is the Big One. This is the most controversial fight of the century, perhaps of all time. They crowd into auditoriums, churches, armories. . . everywhere enough seats can be arranged to make it profitable. They are mostly males: men, boys. Even a few dogs. They sweat and steam in air-conditioned chill and shuffle their impatience and excitement away.

And before them in their many theatres around the world hang screens, upon which they will see the image of a picture of the Titans in combat.

And at just the same instant in time, at a hundred points in space, a million and a half people begin to cheer and stamp and let out their pent-up energies. For on the screen is the image of the Challenger.

He is young. His face is flat, very masculine, and composed. Strength flows from him in waves. This is a man of immense power, and trained to its use.

He steps into the ring amid the boos and cheers of the collective crowds, who are raucous in their support and fearless in their vilification, for THEY are not in the arena.

And then comes the Champion, and the crowd explodes, for this is not a man like other men. Adonis-bodied, golden; face of planes and angles—yet smooth. Smooth, buttery of surface and motion. Graceful, as in butterfly.

And the champion steps into the ring.

The tension can be walked upon. Even the professional fight men at ringside, the vultures who trade in calowness and other men's scrambled bodies, show the strain.

For the champ has been long away, and time wears down the greatest of things, eats mountains, withers the very gods off the stones of the dead.

It doesn't actually matter who wins the fight. The only question, really, is, Has He Still Got It?

For this man has been called the Fastest. The Hardest. The Most Graceful. The Greatest. The Best Who Ever Lived.

And they are there to see if this is so. . . .

ONE. . .

It takes nine minutes. But the question is answered in the first thirty seconds.

The bell rings, the million and a half Romans come to their feet, and the gladiators move into the ring. They dance, both nervous, both feinting. These are big men—the biggest—and not to be taken lightly, even for an instant.

The champ throws a punch, a feeler; just a tap. And then they fight. It goes on for a short while and then the champ opens up and throws a familiar series of punches.

And he's just as fast as he ever was.

By the end of the round, there is only one question: Can the challenger catch the Champ with a surprise or lucky punch before the champ beats him unconscious?

TWO. . .

It is not an easy thing. The challenger did not get to his position by being easy to stop, nor by being easy to dodge. His arms are pistons, his fists . hammers. Not even the Champ is immune to the power in those mighty biceps.

But it is the beginning of the end, and apparent. The Champ floats, dancing ever out of reach, and he jabs-jabs-jabs. . .

By the end of the round, the challenger's face is beginning to disintegrate.

THREE. . .

They move out of their corners, now: slower than before but more lethal for it. The challenger knows he is hurt. He must end it now or not at all. The Champ knows this, too, and is not about to be caught unaware.

They meet.

(IT WAS RIGGED. AIN'T NOBODY CAN DROP SONNY LISTON THAT EASY!)

The challenger throws a couple, putting his whole weight behind them. One of them connects and the Champ is staggered into the ropes.

(YOU SEE THAT GODDAMN NIGGER PUT HIS HAND ON THAT WHITE MAN? HE DAMN NEAR BROKE HIS WRIST. AN' ALL OVER A WENCH.)

The Champ jabs-jabs-jabs. The challenger's face is beginning to redden around the eyes. A massive bruise begins to form beneath the tortured flesh. The challenger begins to bob and weave, shifting perhaps unconsciously to a more defensive posture. The Champ, sensing this, moves in.

(THAT WAS THE THIRD NIGGER THIS WEEK TRYING TO HIRE INTO THE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT. WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY GETTING THE DEGREES?)

The challenger is in trouble. The Champ is pounding, pounding. There is a sea of fists coming at the challenger. He is moved back, into the ropes, by the sheer pressure of that attack. In desperation, with bull-like tenacity, he throws a flurry of punches and charges the Champ.

(DEAD. DEAD. EAD. DEA. ED. ED. ED. DEAD. EAD. DEAD.)

There is a moment in every contest when the die falls and the game ends, and all else is anticlimax. It comes now for Jerry Quarry. Moving at full speed, concentrating only on blind attack, he runs into the incredible right arm of Mohammed Ali. It catches him just above the eye, directly on the already-wounded flesh of his scalp.

(THEY'S BURNIN'! TH' HULL TRENCHFUL'S JUST BURNIN'! LOOKIT THEM NIGGERS ROAST!)

It is such a mighty blow that the slow motion cameras show Quarry's hair whipping away from his head like an explosion. By instinct, Quarry's hand goes to the gaping wound.

And then the Champ hits him again, in the same spot.

(KILL HIM SEMECA! RIP OFF HIS NUTS! TEAR THET BOY'S HEAD OFF!)

Staggering, half-blinded by his own gore, Quarry fights on. Ali moves in, the killer mask on his face, and the mob roars to its feet, eager for another man's agony. Quarry backs into the ropes and holds himself upright on sheer guts. There is no way to stop a man of such terrible strength and courage except to render him unconscious, and that the Champ can not do.

But it is over; all know it. In Quarry's corner, after the merciful bell, the doctor says, "Oh, my God, Jerry. I can see the bone. I've got to stop the fight." Quarry leaps up and tries to protest the decision. But it stands and it is the right one. Great heart or no, if Quarry had gone into the ring again he would have bled himself unconscious before the end of the round.

As the greatest fighter in the history of the world walks away from the ring, a disgruntled fan leans down and yells at him. "It was luck, you fuckin' nigger. Just luck!"

The Champ stops and eyes the man with cool contempt. Then he smiles. "That's MISTER Nigger to you. MISTER NIGGER."

And in a lot of lonesome towns, in a lot of agony-riddled times, a great number of Black boys give their masters' names back and become Black Men.

Reprinted from the L.A. Free Press of November 6, an article by Roger Lovin

"I've got nothing against sharing the housework, but you can't make me do it on your schedule."

MEANING: Passive resistance I'll do it when I damned well please, if at all. If my job is doing dishes, it's easier to do them once a week. If taking out laundry, once a month. If washing the floors, once a year. If you don't like it, do it yourself oftener, and then I won't do it at all.

"I hate it more than you. You don't mind it so much."

MEANING: Housework is garbage work. It's the worst crap I've ever done. It's degrading and humiliating for someone of MY intelligence to do it. But for someone of YOUR intelligence...

"Housework is too trivial too even talk about."

MEANING: It's even more trivial to do. Housework is

beneath my status. My purpose in life is to deal with matters of significance. Yours is to deal with matters of insignificance. You should do the housework.

"The problem of housework is not a man-woman problem! In any relationship between two people one is going to have a stronger personality and dominate."

MEANING: That stronger personality had better be me!

"I don't mind sharing the housework, but I don't do it very well. We should each do the things we're best at."

MEANING: Unfortunately, I'm not good at things like washing dishes or cooking. What I do best is a little light carpentry, changing light bulbs, moving furniture (how of-

ten do you move furniture?).

ALSO MEANING: Historically, the lower classes (black men and us) have had hundreds of years experience doing menial jobs. It would be a waste of manpower to train someone else to do them now.

ALSO MEANING: I don't like the dull stupid boring jobs, so you should do them

"In animal societies, wolves for example, the top animal is usually a male, even where he is not chosen for brute strength but on the basis of cunning and intelligence. Isn't that interesting?"

MEANING: I have historical, psychological, anthropological, and biological justification for keeping you down. How can you ask the top wolf to be equal?

"I don't mind sharing the work, but you'll have to show me how to do it."

MEANING: I ask a lot of questions and you'll have to show me everything everytime I do it because I don't remember so good. Also don't try to sit down and read while I'm doing my jobs because I'm going to annoy hell out of you until it's easier to do them yourself.

"We used to be so happy!" (said whenever it was his turn to do something.)

MEANING: I used to be so happy.

MEANING: Life without housework is bliss. (No quarrel here. Perfect agreement.)

"We have different standards, and why should I have to work to your standards. That's unfair."

MEANING: If I begin to get bugged by the dirt and crap I will say "this place sure is a sty" or "How can anyone live like this?" and wait for your reaction. I know that all women have a sore called "Guilt over a messy house" or "Housework is ultimately my responsibility." I know that men have caused that sore--if anyone visits and the place is a sty, they're not going to leave and say, "he sure is a lousy housekeeper." You'll take the rap in any case. I can outwait you,

"Women's liberation isn't really a political movement."

MEANING: The Revolution is coming too close too home.

ALSO MEANING: I am only interested in how I am oppressed, not how I oppress others. Therefore the war, the draft, and the university are political. Women's liberation is not.



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**His Newest Album Is
"Sit Down Young Stranger"**

Gordon Lightfoot's debut album on the Reprise label has received unmixed critical reaction of the favorable variety, to wit:

"Lightfoot's newest recording, his first LP on the Reprise label, is such a beauty and so gorgeously produced that it took me half a dozen full playings before I could even start thinking about commenting on it."

—Philip Elwood
San Francisco-Examiner

"... there is a lot of Gordon Lightfoot in this album, as well as some of the best material that Lightfoot has ever done, and, with songs like *Cobwebs and Dust* and *Me and Bobby McGee*, some of the nicest folk music on record anywhere."

—Jud Rosebush
Rolling Stone

"His songs are personal statements about the human condition that carry more than just a crisp phrase or a good tune."

—Robert Hillburn
Los Angeles Times

"The recording and production are overwhelming."

—Bob Chorush
Los Angeles Free Press



Gordon Lightfoot recorded the album in California, long known for its thriving colony of Canadian musicians, with some excellent musical assistance from Randy Newman, Ry Cooder, John Sebastian and Van Dyke Parks, not to mention his regular brilliant sidemen, Red Shea and Rick Haynes.

This best new Gordon Lightfoot album may be found in better record stores (which can order and reorder it as Reprise RS 6392) and in the form of Reprise tapes, distributed by Ampex. In addition to the highly-praised title song, "Sit Down Young Stranger" contains "Minstrel of the Dawn," "Me and Bobby McGee," "Saturday Clothes" and "If You Could Read My Mind," to name about 40% of it. Highly recommended.

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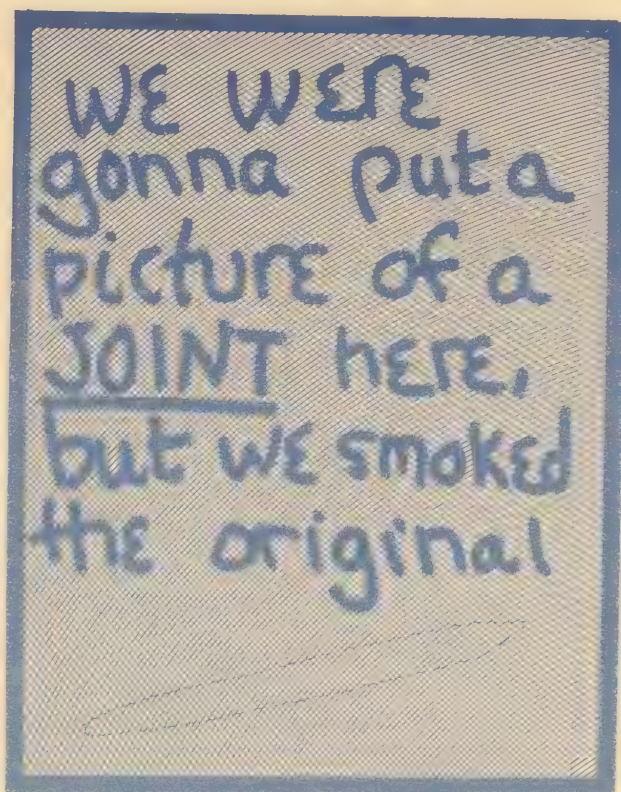
THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Philip Hill, a long-haired, drop-out dope peddler, was elected justice of the peace by the people of Lawrence, Kansas, on November 3 but has now been un-elected by the state attorney general. On November 4 Hill made himself known publicly and said, "Mainly I earn my living by peddling dope, and I suppose I'll keep on since you can't earn much as a J.P. around here." State officials freaked out, and the attorney general all of a sudden made a ruling that eliminated the job of justice of the peace in certain communities, including Lawrence.

Hill won the election through the novel formula of not campaigning at all. Two J.P. positions were up in the general election--by custom, the Republican candidate gets one of the jobs and the Democrat the other unless a third candidate runs a write-in campaign. Hill filed as a Democrat the same day he registered to vote, and his party never learned who he was until after the polls had closed and he had received 6,000 votes. "Secrecy was the secret of my success," Hill said. He listed his campaign expenditures as \$1 for the filing fee and "a few dollars in bribes to people to keep their mouths shut."

LATEST NEWS FROM THE WAR ZONE

The Pentagon has re-discovered 5,000 tanks parked in West Germany and forgotten for years. The 5,000-tank force is only slightly smaller than the main NATO tank force and is worth several billion dollars. The existence of the tanks, uncovered within the last month, has reportedly "stunned civilian and military defense officials." One said that the Russians must have known more about the tanks than the Defense Department did. Now if they'd only leave some free tanks lying around the streets of this country...



Another recent Pentagon discovery, published in a new three-volume report, is that Lyndon Johnson made "wrong decisions" in handling the war in Vietnam. The report said that Lyndon went wrong by not declaring war, planning for only a short war, and not calling up the reserves. News of the report first surfaced in the Army Times under the headline "LBJ and company blamed for botching war."

And, in Southeast Asia, a U.S. Army general has been awarded the Silver Star for heroic actions dreamed up by six enlisted men assigned to writing official citations. But Brig. Gen. Eugene Forrester "was completely entitled" to the medal awarded him, according to Col. George Newman. The colonel said Forrester was leaving the division and he had no information on which to base a decoration for him, a customary farewell gift for generals being transferred. "I gave the staff the job to reconstruct and develop the acts," Newman said, claiming that eyewitness accounts were not collected because of lack of time.

AGENTS URGE ON STUDENTS

Undercover agents who encouraged and participated in violent actions on campuses in several states have surfaced recently, shedding some light on the way FBI informers operate within the movement. Probably the most famous is "Tommy the traveler"--Thomas Tongyai--who went from campus to campus in New York state last year claiming he was an organizer for SDS. A Rochester grand jury is in the middle of a special investigation into Tongyai, who allegedly offered Hobart College students bombs, guns, and instructions in guerrilla tactics. Another case that has caused a grand jury investigation involves Charles Grimm Jr., now living in Minneapolis, who has been accused by two ACLU lawyers of committing violent acts that led to about 150 arrests at the University of Alabama last May. Grimm admits that he was an FBI informer and saw four buildings burn, but has denied that he participated in the arson himself.

Undercover pigs are getting so blatant in their involvement with violent demonstrations and bombings that even the President's Commission on Campus Unrest is becoming upset. The Commission has said that "it is a matter of no great moment if he (the pig) merely becomes a passive participant in a sit-in. But it becomes deeply troubling when he begins hurling rocks, and it is plainly intolerable when he urges others to engage in violent conduct."

"NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS"

(Village Voice)--If you've been looking for the new issue of Scanlan's Monthly, the reason it cannot be found is that nobody in this country--so far--will print it. The issue in question concerns "Guerrilla Warfare in the U.S." Scanlan's does not, by any means, come out in favor of guerrilla warfare but rather reports on

what's happening and what may happen. But printers throughout the country have been telling Sid Zion of Scanlan's that their men will not work on the issue because it's "un-American."

The ACLU has entered the situation and is likely to file a suit against one of those printing firms. Aryeh Neier, executive director of the ACLU, points out that "this is the worst form of censorship because it is censorship before anything even gets published." And Women's Wear Daily--where you often find hard news stories (not just about fashion) you don't get in the Times and Post--quotes Neier as adding: "This is of a piece with the kind of vigilantism inspired by the federal government."

At a press conference with Zion and Neier, Paul O'Dwyer observed that "it's a sad commentary when unions make the determination of what people can and cannot read."

But are unions the sole repressive agent in this case? I don't know; but I find it remarkable that printers' unions throughout the country should spontaneously be all of one mind about Scanlan's.

WHITE PANTHERS BUSTED

Skip Taube and Jack Forrest, two members of the White Panther Party, have been sentenced to up to five years in jail for "harboring a federal fugitive"--White Panther Minister of Defense Pun Plamondon, who was on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list. Pun went underground when charged with conspiracy to blow up the Ann Arbor CIA office, but got caught by the pigs after he threw a beer can out of a car window and was stopped for littering the highway. It is interesting to note that according to American law and order you are guilty of harboring a fugitive even if the fugitive is eventually acquitted of the charges against him.

LOOK OUT CLEVELAND

In case you didn't hear the news, Jane Fonda was busted in Cleveland for smuggling and assault. It seems 105 vials of capsules were found in her luggage, which she claims were vitamins. Police say they found one bottle of amphetamines and sent the others to a laboratory for analysis. When a customs agent told her she couldn't go to the bathroom, she allegedly kicked and slapped him and screamed, "get out of here, you pig." Jane was on a tour of colleges and universities in the U.S. and Canada to speak against the war in Indochina. Her lawyer, Mark Lane, remarked, "Because of this she is harassed by the authorities....Her arrest was an act of terror, an act of violence...this is the Nixon-Agnew terror."

DESERTER RETURNS TO U.S.

USMC Sgt. John Sweeney of West Babylon, N returned voluntarily to the U.S. August 31 from Sweden, where he had defected 18 months earlier after his company commander had shot at him and left him to die in the jungle. He was found four days later by two Viet Cong scouts, taken to their camp and given medical aid. During the following months, he joined a Viet Cong propaganda brigade and made broadcasts. The Marine Corps has recently charged Sweeney with aiding the enemy, quitting his unit "with intent to avoid hazardous duty, namely ground combat against the enemy," and abandoning his rifle and ammunition "in the presence of the enemy." The first and last charges carry a possible death penalty.

AND CHE LIVES ON

In San Miguel, Chile, an eight-foot bronze figure of Che Guevara triumphantly lifting an automatic rifle over his head was unveiled by Mayor Tito Palestro. The statue, built by 120 Socialist Party laborers, was paid for mostly by the municipal government. The mayor proclaimed, "The best homage we can pay to Che is to build a Socialist homeland in this corner of the Western Hemisphere...and escape from the claws of U.S. imperialism."

22ND CENTURY PRESENTS

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AUDITORIUM

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M.C.—WCFL's Larry O'Brien
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22—7:30 PM
AUDITORIUM

CHICAGO SEALS & CROFTS
M.C.—WCFL's Ron Britain & Gary Gears
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26
7:00 & 10:30 PM—AUDITORIUM

All attractions at the Auditorium Theatre are \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50, \$3.50. Tickets are now available at the Auditorium Theatre Box Office, all Chicagoland Montgomery Ward stores, Flip Side Records at 3314 W. Foster, Chicago and 732 Elm Street, Winnetka, and all other Ticketron outlets.

The Syndrome is located in the Chicago Coliseum at 15th & Wabash. Tickets are \$5.00 general admission and available at your neighborhood Ticket Dealer.

Ticket Dealer Locations are: Chicago: Flip Side Records, 3314 W. Foster; Gramophone, 2663 N. Clark; Midwest Stereo, 1445 W. Morse; One Octave Lower, Piper's Alley in Old Town; One Octave Lower, 175 W. Washington; Music and Books, Ford City Shopping Center; Winnetka: Flip Side Records, 732 Elm; Lombard: Yorktown Records, 144 Yorktown; Evanston: One Octave Higher, 1730 Orrington; Buffalo Grove: One Octave Lower, 1300 W. Dundee.

YIPPIES PUT ICING ON FROST

Twenty "hippies" stormed the stage while Jerry Rubin was being interviewed on the David Frost show in London, apparently at Rubin's request. They shouted "four-letter obscenities," sprinkled the stage with flower petals and squirted a water pistol at Frost. During the interview, Rubin said the society he and his followers envisioned would not be money-oriented, prompting Frost to ask, "If you're so much against money, why did you demand twice the fee we normally pay guests for appearing on the show?" Jerry laughed and said, "Why not? We're going to use it to buy bombs to destroy your society."

A TV spokesman later denied that Rubin had been paid extra for appearing on the show. Jerry had, in fact, come to the studio at the last minute and had been paid nothing for his appearance.

THEORY AND PRACTICE

Craig Connally, a graduate chemistry student who was among those arrested last May on charges of occupying the Circle ROTC building, is teaching a course on automatic weapons and wiretapping for the "alternate university" at the U of I Chicago Circle Campus. The course is listed as "self-defense for civilians," and will come under the scrutiny of a state Senate-House committee on campus unrest.

A building in Chicago housing the offices of Selective Service Local Boards 19 through 59 at 4931 West Diversey was firebombed, causing only minor damage. According to witnesses, a bearded, long-haired man in a VW drove down a rear alley and threw the bomb against the base of the building.

NEWS FROM THE ANIMAL WORLD

In Fairfax, Virginia, crime stalks the streets in the form of a bunny last seen brandishing an axe. A young couple reported that their car was approached by a bunny



approximately five-eight who informed them that they were trespassing and told them to split immediately. Before they could split, he smashed a window of their car and bolted into the night. A few nights later, a cop saw the selfsame bunny trashing a new housing project with his axe. In the ensuing barnyard confrontation, the rabbit told the pig to split or he'd chop his head off with the axe, whereupon the huge fuzzy thing hippitty-hopped off into the nearby woods. Ever since Smokey the Bear became a Weatherman, things haven't been the same in the forest.

MORE NEWS FROM THE HALF-ANIMAL WORLD

It was Freaks 5, Cops 4 in a softball game between bearded collegians in San Diego, California, and community relations-minded policemen. But the game was less exciting than the cops' attempt to get their mascot into the dugout.

The mascot, a large pig named Sarge, resisted all attempts to drive him underground and wound up watching from the shade of an umbrella.

FREAK CALLED WEIRD, SENTENCED FOR BEARD

In Fredericksburg, Virginia, papers were filed in Circuit Court seeking dismissal of a ten-day jail sentence for a longhair who appeared in court with what Judge Francis Gouldman called a "weird and undesirable appearance." Gouldman described his uncut hair and beard as "similar to a cross between an Angora goat and a baboon." The longhair's lawyer wanted to know, if his client could be jailed, then why not "tufty haired" President Martin Van Buren for resembling a koala bear or "bushy haired" Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes for resembling "a cross between a moose, a yak and an European aoudad"?

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

The manager of Radio Leeds in England has ordered his news broadcasters to wear dinner jackets at the microphone after 5 p.m. even though their audience can't see them.

"An announcer is influenced by his dress," said Ray Beaty, manager of the Yorkshire outlet for the British Broadcasting Corporation. "If he wears a sweater his reading may be sloppy."

ANOTHER YOUNG 'UN GONE BAD

In Rockville, Maryland, Joseph W. Lee was arrested six days after his father had been elected the first lieutenant governor in the history of the state. According to the police, 21 pounds of marijuana and some LSD were seized on the family estate. Lee was arrested nine month ago on drug charges, but the case never came to trial.

A PURE FORM OF YOUTH CULTURE

In Rio de Janeiro, the granite head of an Aztec god was used as a "drop" for grass until a policeman who figured that too many people were admiring the statue caught a man putting his hand into the god's mouth.

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Fenton Robinson will be at Alice's November 20th and 21st. He has a tight four-piece band that plays some fine blues. Fenton himself plays excellent guitar and good vocals. "Fuzzy" Calvin Jones is one of the best bassists I've heard. This band is not yet well-known on the North Side, but if you catch their set, I can guarantee that you will be satisfied by an evening of comfortable, homey, down-to-it blues.

Lois

Lois: Fenton, let's start with where you were born and when, and something about your childhood.

Fenton: I was born in Mississippi in 1934 on a plantation and I grew up with three brothers and four sisters. My father he was a preacher. I used to sing spirituals; I grew up in the church. I guess that's where I got started in music, I guess that where it all came from. We moved to Tennessee when I was about 17 years old. Then I started going about different places and met a friend called Charles McGowan, he was a guitar player. We used to go places and he taught me to play the guitar. We started to go to nightclubs and singin and playin blues. From there I went to Media Records, and I recorded a thing called "Tennessee Woman". They did nothing with this so we left Memphis in '53 and moved to Little Rock and started to record with Duke Records. This is when that tune became popular and I went around in Arkansas for about five, maybe seven years. Then I started to move about, St. Louis, Kansas City, and I finally worked my way up to Chicago. When I got to Chicago, I thought something would really happen, but it was better in the South. But now I knew Chicago, and well, I rather liked it. I've been workin in Chicago for the past nine years. It seems like it's hard to get a break out here....I've been out here for 17 years and it's a long time. It seems to me that somewhere I should get a break.

Lois: How old were you when you first started playing?

Fenton: I was about 19.....

Lois: And you came to Chicago in the early sixties?

Fenton: Sixty one. First job I had was Theresa's. It was the first job I got open to me when I first got to Chicago, and I worked there for about a year-and-a-half, two years. Then I started movin around and began out of Pepper's, and started workin out of town for about two years, places like Milwaukee, Gary, Chicago Heights.

Lois: How much recording have you done?

Fenton: I've done quite a bit. I've made at least eight or ten records.

Lois: Singles?

Fenton: Yes, singles. I cut my first LP five months ago.

Lois: Who did you cut it with?

Fenton: Sound Stage Seven. It'll be about three weeks to a month before they release it.

Lois: Who were the main influences on your guitar style?

Fenton: T-Bone Walker.....when I was a kid I used to slip into the tavern where there was a juke box and play his records. "Westside Baby" and all those kind of things. I loved his style. And Pee Wee Craton.

Lois: What do you think about the musician's life, the changes you go through, and the number of hours you put in for the amount of money you make?

Fenton: Well, it's a very hard life because until you get to a point, you can't make very much money, just giggin here and giggin there. You take a drink and your money's gone. So, say you make \$20 or \$25 a night, maybe three four nights a week. That's not very much money for a musician. But you can't stop there, you just have to keep tryin until you make it. So that's what I'm doin. I'm not going to give up.

Lois: What is it that keeps you going? Where does your feeling for the music and what you want to do come from?

Fenton: Well, what I would say is that it's a soulful thing --- you're born with it, you know. This type of thing, it's a feeling you have to play the blues. Like you think about times that've passed. You think about times when you went over some hot spots with your wife, or some girl who messed you around. Something like that. I guess that this would give a cat the thing to go into playing the blues.

Lois: What are your feelings about where you are playing? Like Pepper's being as rough as it is, does that bother you?

Fenton: No, it don't bother me at all. Like I got used to playin around those type of places. Everybody got drunk and somebody wants a fight. It don't bother me. I been playin around it for about 15 years. Seems to me that if you don't have no fight you don't have no fun.

Lois: How much hassle do the musicians get from the gangs?



Fenton: Well, I haven't had any. Really and truly, I haven't had any at all. I mean like, they talks to me and we get on real well.

Lois: Do you think that some of the feelings against gangs is created in people's minds? from people's fear as much as from things that are actually happening?

Fenton: Well I would say that people add to it. So it's not really as bad as people say. A gang is a gang. There've been street gangs for a long time, and people paid no mind, you know, like they're doin now. A gang comes up now and people get scared. They're just a bunch of teenagers, you know, wantin to blow off. They may have a gun or two, accidentally shoot someone, but there's really nothing to it. It don't bother me at all. I've had no problems and I've been playin out of Pepper's for the last four or five years. Nobody ever messed with me.

At this point in the interview, Rebecca, who's from England, started asking some questions....

Rebecca: There's a whole lot of mythology that the English people hear about American plantations and people born and raised on them. It's thought of as so much history. But you're a young man and you're born on a plantation. I thought that happened a hundred years ago.

Fenton: No, I'd say you've got some people that are at least 25 years of age who are born on plantations, at least in the South. You've still got plantations down there now, in Mississippi and Alabama.

Rebecca: With the same sort of conditions?

Fenton: Well, conditions have changed some.

Rebecca: Some?

Fenton: Yes, some, but it's still a plantation.

Rebecca: You lived in a house of a shack?

Fenton: A shack, just a shack, with a tin roof.

Rebecca: All seven children of you?

Fenton: There was eight.

Rebecca: What sort of plantation?

Fenton: Well, you picked cotton, you pulled corn, you dug potatoes....

Rebecca: I don't think it's just that I'm naive, but a lot of young white people don't believe it still happens.

Fenton: Well, it's true, it's a true fact. You pick cotton all the summer months....

Rebecca: Do you remember how much you got paid?

Fenton: Well, it wasn't very much. You work all summer and the fall of the year come, they call it settle-up time. That's when you get your money. If you do o.k., a family will wind up with six or seven hundred dollars for a whole year. So it's not very much money. You couldn't hardly go to school very much; you couldn't get to school much until after Christmas.

Rebecca: What sort of schools were there?

Fenton: There was a regular school in town.. You always had to go to town to go to school. We had to walk about two or three miles to go to school. So the plantation was kind of rough. You had to use a pump to pump your water. Some people used tractors to farm with; some people used animals like mules....

Lois: The same naivete that Rebecca expressed about the plantation is true also in understanding what the ghetto is about now. There is a picture of the ghetto being frightening in very unrealistic terms --- people seeing the violence of the ghetto without seeing the conditions under which people are forced to live. And of course with this kind of fear of the ghetto, never experiencing the beauty of what is for real there.

Fenton: This teenage thing, the way I see it, it's just some kids grew up in the slums and they wasn't properly raised, and they just got out of hand, and got together and got them a gang. They call this revolution, but I don't really see it this way.

Lois: It's hard to put it in words --- I know I've had a hard time putting things into words I've seen and felt and want to write about --- somehow to get across to people how much music is a part of the life. When you're enough on the outside of what's happening to see poeple in their life-situations and the music being an integral part of it that you can't talk about blues without talking about the ghetto. Seeing the development of blues from the plantation, the slow country things, to the more insistent urban blues, then hearing soul music on radios in the streets --- it's like I could never understand soul music, the really hard, fast James Brown kind of thing until I hung out in the streets a little bit and saw people with transistor radios playing soul music. And that music is them and their life experience.

Fenton: That comes from hard times. You grow up with four or five sisters or brothers. Couldn't get a good education. The old man couldn't get a decent job to support his family like they should be supported. So you grow up in a thing. You can't get what you want. Some of the other kids, they have a bike or a radio or something like that, maybe nice clothes to wear to school. And some kids just don't get this. So you grow up and you want things; you want it and want it and you don't ever get it. It's just something that comes to you and you say "I'm just going to walk out of here and do something for myself." And it starts from there. The same thing happened to me when I was a kid. I guess that's what makes it really hard. You just get right down and try to get it. It's just something in you when you grow up. Cat that has the bad things out of his life, he might end up playin jazz or something he likes. But most cats that play blues, they had a hard life. Even to BB, he grew up on a plantation. He's a hard man with the blues. So a hard life makes you....I guess it just makes you tough. It goes way back. When it grows up in you, it just seems like something you're not supposed to do. In other words, they see a mix. So when people look and see a black man or a black woman, they see a difference because they have been separated for so long. People just won't take to it. You have to go around and talk and talk to people, and still there's something that some people can't get used to. As time goes by, I guess it will be all right.

Lois: It doesn't always look that way though?

Fenton: No, just lookin out there in the street, it doesn't look that way.....but it is that way. People was taught this way back, this separated thing. This is something we've got to fight. A long time ago, people thought it was wrong to do that.... like mixing, they thought it was wrong. They would even kill about this. Now people know there's nothing wrong with this and that people are people. They're tryin to get together and there are still some that are fightin it. So that is something we've got to fight and fight and fight until it is over. Like when something gets in the mind, it is hard for a human being to turn it loose. Other words, what do they call it --- a brain wash thing. Brainwashin two people. That's what really happened. They say you stay away from that person, I'm going to keep him away from you. It's just not right for you all to mix. We know it was wrong for people to teach that, so we got do something about it. We may have a little fight here and a little fight there, but it is goin to be all right.



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HIGH

You don't see a full page of high school news before you in this space because there is no real high school news. Sure, there are incidents of oppression, suspensions, expulsions, busts, threats, harassment, beatings, searches...but it isn't news. It happens every day in every high school and has been that way for years. Another thing that happens every day in every high school is the blind acceptance of the authority and power of principals, deans, general-do-nothings, and teachers. Every once in a while, someone will step forward and say, "You can't do this, I won't let you." But that someone rarely repeats that phrase when confronted with suspension, harassment, detention, or expulsion. Get expelled. It provides a strong organizing and gathering point for other students at your former school. You can stop wasting your time and do constructive things like doing instead of talking, helping other high school people, and getting a real education. If you really want that diploma, you can take the GED (high school equivalency exam) and get one once you are 17 and at least one year out of school.

Destroy and harass the school if you must stay in it for the time being. For ideas and help call Mitch at the Seed (929-0133) or Rising Up Angry (472-1791). Do a paper, post handbills, pass out leaflets, organize a student union, call strikes. We have leaflets, we have posters, we have printing facilities available. We can help you do a paper, we can help you plan strikes, we can help you do leaflets, we can tell you about other tactics. But we can't do it all for you. We can't liberate YOUR school single-handedly. We can't call in YOUR news. YOU have to do it.

Come to high school radical union meetings each Sunday at Seed at 1 pm. Come to the Chicago Area High School Workshop on December 12 and 13. Come. Free yourself. Then free your schools, free your sisters, free your brothers.

SCHOOL

CANADA continued from page 7

occupation of Quebec by the Canadian army following the kidnapping crisis was not the first time such an action occurred. During World War One, many Quebecois men refused to serve overseas in a war that would benefit English colonialism. Bloody conscription riots occurred and the government adopted emergency measures similar to the present War act. the Army and provincial police have also been called in frequently to repress strikes by Quebecois against Anglo-Canadian and U.S. corporations, such as the Asbestos strike in 1949 and the strike in Murdochville in 1957.

The FLQ was first organized in 1963 and bombed mailboxes, post offices and other symbols of Canadian federal government. They had little popular support. They reorganized in 1966, with a much more socialist orientation--and as a result, two of their leaders, Pierre Vallieres and Charles Gagnon, were arrested without charge and held in "preventive detention" for three years.

The Emergency War Measures Act will remain in force at least until April 30. Contrary to the impression given by the silence of the American press, there are thousands of Canadians actively opposing the government actions. More than 1,000 people gathered on the steps of a courthouse for a rally called by the Vancouver Liberation Front to support the FLQ. 5000 FLQ supporters met in

Montreal the day before the War Measures Act was proclaimed. Students and faculty at the Universite du Quebec declared a strike and occupied an administration building, setting off strikes at at least three other schools. At least 6,000 students went on strike in Montreal. In the face of severe repression, a good number of student and underground newspapers in Canada have distributed the FLQ manifesto, which declares that the FLQ is "not the Messiah, nor a modern-day Robin Hood. It is a group of working people of Quebec who are committed to do everything they can for the people of Quebec to take their destiny in their hands. The Front de Liberation du Quebec wants the total independence of the Quebecois, brought together in a free society, purged forever of its band of voracious sharks, the patronage dispensing "big bosses" and their servants who have made Quebec into their private preserve of "cheap labor" and of exploitation without scruple...."

"Working people of Quebec," it continues, "begin today to take back what belongs to you: take yourselves what is yours. You alone know your factories, your machines, your hotels, your universities, your unions? do not wait for a miracle organization. Make your revolution yourselves, in your neighborhoods, in your work-places. And if you do not make it yourselves, more usurpers, technocrats or others, will replace the handful of cigar puffers we no know, and everything will have to be done over again. You alone can build a free society."

Good advice--and not just for Canadians. The swiftness with which the Canadian government moved to institute a police state should, if nothing else, convince us of the seriousness of the necessity of preparing our reaction to a similar state of events in this country. It's also worth noting that Trudeau is supposedly a "liberal."

People misuse the term "fascism" a lot--throw it around. We don't have fascism in this country yet--not by a long shot--at least not in the white community. When it's here, you'll know it--and you won't be sitting around talking about it either. For the last few years Canada was supposed to be the refuge to which we could run. And now the flow of refugees is probably beginning to move the other way.

Meanwhile, the FLQ is still holding Cooss, still demanding the release of political prisoners, still clandestinely organizing the people of Quebec for their liberation.

"It can't happen here." Well, check it out--it's happening everywhere in the world--there's hardly a country left in the world that's untouched by the world-wide struggle between the forces of repression and revolution. It'll happen here too. It is happening here too--there's no place left to run and hide. As Dylan once sang: "everybody's shouting: 'which side are you on?'"

"You alone can build a free society." No lie.

---Bernie Farber



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-Henry D



*"Thank God
men cannot as yet fly,
and lay waste
the sky
well as the earth."*

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)



cont. from 3

just enough money to barely support himself. He or she needs that 42 cent loaf of bread or 6 dollar pair of blue-jeans. Don't take it. There are plenty of other places with large plate glass display windows, expensive prices, and owners who have too much money.

Clothes are fairly easy to take from store with dressing rooms and self-service set-ups. You could (could and should could be used interchangeably) inconspicuously take two pairs of the same thing, say pants, with you into the dressing room, put one pair on under your old clothes, and take the other pair back to the rack as if they didn't fit. Make sure you try on (wrinkle) the pair you take back to the racks so any alert clerks don't catch on. You may have to take precautions like rolling up the pant legs or shirtsleeves of the clothing you are taking so a surprise appearance doesn't give you away.

Food and other small-packaged items could be had by shoving them up coat sleeves. Flat objects could be placed between newspaper pages, magazines, shopping bags and papers, under coats, and...of course...in purses. Eating candy and food in stores, and digesting meals in cafeteria lines is always fun. After a bit of scheming, one can also devise methods for eating free at restaurants with separate waitresses and cashiers.

Just remember to keep an eye out for the surveillance equipment mentioned in the original article and to look straight and confident. Most people are caught because they act sneaky, wander without direction in stores, and behave like they are thieves with guilt complexes. The store will only search those they are sure have taken something, so act "normal."

While we're on rip-offs, Main Place in Skokie no longer carries the Seed because of the original Leaving Home article and its discussion of shoplifting methods. Main Place obviously considers itself to be quite worthy of being ripped-off.

That's it. Any other suggestions should be sent to Long Gone John care of the Seed for use in a possible booklet.

AS YOU TRAVEL....ASK US.

Long Gone John (always changin' I.D.)

Many of the suggestions in the preceding article are of an illegal nature and should be regarded as such. Try them at your own risk.

HEALTH IS A RIGHT

Continued
from page 7

of clinic policy and personnel through the Uptown Community Health Association (i.e., the people of Uptown).

At about 2 p.m. people began flooding the clinic, and tried to swamp the 2 attending doctors so the clinic couldn't close at its respectable professional closing time of 5 p.m. They demanded that the clinic remain open all night, and offered to staff it with the four doctors and four nurses, and three social workers they brought with them. Previously, some of the staff at the Model Cities clinic had offered to let the Young Patriots' doctors help out at the clinic—so they were just taking them up on their offer. The director of the clinic called Health Comr. Murray C. Brown, who said the Board of Health "could not take the responsibility of allowing patients to be treated by unknown doctors." At 5 o'clock, the 43 people remaining in the clinic were peacefully arrested, and booked with trespassing. They had agreed before hand that, if arrested, they would not resist.

In hopes of co-opting the peoples' struggle, pretty promises were made by the clinic: more doctors will be hired, and the clinic will be open on Saturdays starting November 21. But the Uptown people are united, and will not be content with token improvements. Last Tuesday night top Board of Health officials visited Uptown to explain the new (permanent) health clinic plan, and when they objected to community control of the clinic, 60 community residents walked out! The Board of Health wants the clinic to be run by a group of 12 Hospitals called the North Side Hospital Health Planning Council.

It's a heavy confrontation: Government money and power are at stake, and the battle won't be easily won. Traditional odds would say that the people of Uptown haven't got a chance. But odds can change, and Uptown people already have set an example of how they can beat the City at its own game. Last year the Young Patriots Community Health Service was summoned to court under a 10-year old, dormant law which required a license for dispensing medical care. If that ordinance were enforced, every physician's office where any free treatment or sample

medication is given, and every medical care facility which uses the name "dispensary" or "clinic" (there are over 50 of them in the phone book) would have to have a license. Furthermore, the ordinance states that there should be a spittoon in every room, and that patients' records be open for inspection by City officials. The ordinance is clearly archaic, and was a dead letter until recently, when it was used against the Young Patriots' Clinic. In July, the Patriots proved, and the judge ruled, that the statute was, and is, unconstitutional.

Even though the Board of Health lost the battle in the attempted repression of the Young Patriots Clinic, it is trying the same tactics now with other free health centers which incur its political displeasure. Summonses have been issued to the Emeterio Betances Health Service operated by the Young Lords, and the Pedro Albizu Campos Center for the Peoples' Health operated by LADO.

The Young Patriots and the Uptown Community, having won the battle, are now prepared to fight the war—to gain community control of the Model Cities clinic. Uptown, and all poor sections of Chicago, don't need any more Cook County Hospitals—or clinics. Poor people are desperate for good medical care, and tired of being used as guinea-pigs for medical students and un-caring doctors. The history of medical care in this country has proven that poor people receive criminal treatment in hospitals and clinics run by the racist mentality which pervades the medical industry.

Whether health centers in poor areas be community created (such as the free clinics started by the Young Patriots, LADO, the Black Panthers, and the Young Lords), or whether they be put there by the Government (such as the Model Cities clinic), they MUST be community controlled, by people who understand each others' needs, and who care. Sure, City Health Commissioner Brown cares; Mayor Daley cares. They care about maintaining an image of caring, while making sure the power remains in their hands.

As this article goes to press, the Uptown Community Health Association continues its battle. And with the kind of spirit and unity they've demonstrated so far, odds are they just might win.

diane

Quatermass... An Album

Quatermass was formed during September, 1969, when all three members were a part of an experimental six-piece group.

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TV

This is the year that Redeeming Social Value made it big on all the new TV series, and even the comedies are dealing with questions like drugs and revolution. A popular theme is The Young Professional dedicating himself to Working For The Good Of The People. Matt Lincoln (ABC) is a community psychiatrist. His approach to people is condescending and manipulative, but that's supposed to be OK because he's so brilliant and inevitably right. He can use Freudian theory to figure out what's wrong with people he's known for only brief periods of time. Each show presents a problem, and by the end of the show Dr. Lincoln has solved everything. One week, he talks a murderous "hippie" commune leader out of kidnapping a very sick girl; the next week he's helping get the medical services of a small town together after the local doctor has taken to drink and the head nurse has retired because of personal problems.

The Storefront Lawyers (CBS) are junior members of a large firm who work among the poor (but live among the upper-middle class). They too are brilliant and always right. The week I saw the show, they managed to convince a chicano leader who was being framed by the police that the law-despite its faults-was all right after all, and that differences of opinion between the police and the community could always be worked out if everybody had enough patience and the storefront lawyers were around to supervise; in the process, they manage to stop an incipient riot.

It seems that young professionals are becoming television's Social Supermen, able to solve any personal or political problems at a single bound. At this time in the country's history, it is interesting that the networks are going in for magic wish fulfillment on such a massive scale. The idea is that we have nothing to worry about if only we keep turning out enough shrinks, lawyers, teachers, and other skilled professionals. We could call this the year of the apotheosis of expertise.

Magical fantasy extends even to the trivial series. Nanny and the Professor is about a housekeeper who has supernatural ability to straighten out everyone's lives. In the episode I saw, she helps the professor see that a female colleague is not so bad after all (despite her hard women's liberation line), while also reconciling the professor's son with a girl who can play baseball better than he can (she does it by getting the girl to give up the sport.)

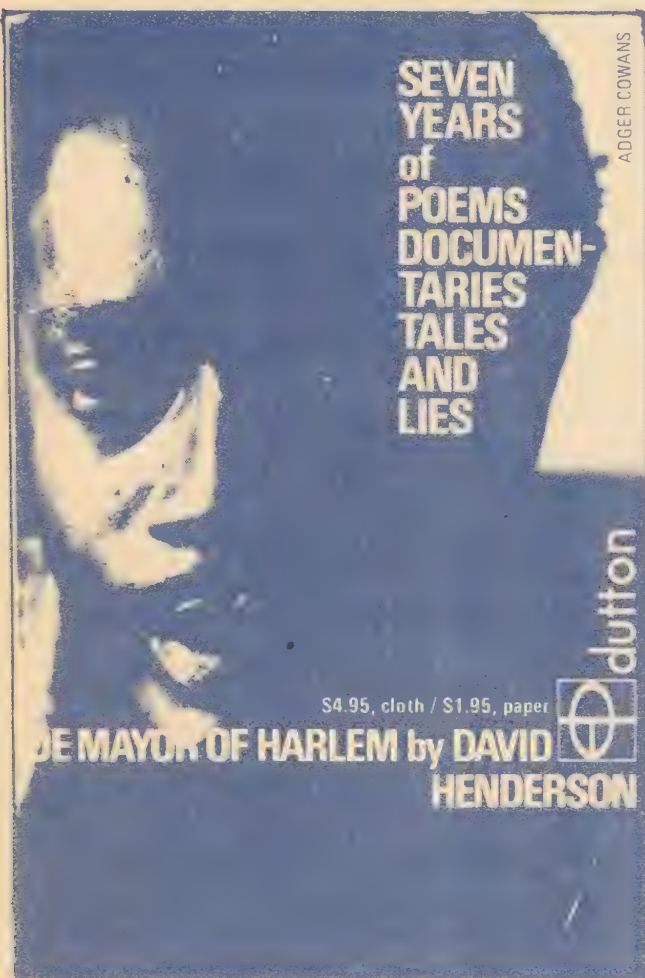
I saw one episode of the new Sesame Street shows. The Muppets were still entertaining, but they were featured too much (more than last year) and tended to get a bit tiresome. This year, the show is counting beyond ten and tackling more complex concepts. The show I saw had one sequence, however, that was just dreadful. It told how much fun it was to shop in a supermarket (what with all those groovy colored packages and all) and was nothing less than a commercial for consumerism. It should have gone a little into inflated prices and unnourishing food. More on Sesame Street in a later issue.

Check out Love American Style on Friday night. (ABC). One show had John McGiver and Anne B. Davis playing a stodgy middle class couple who sneak up to the attic to sample some of their kid's marijuana, and go through a whole turned on trip where they lose track of time, giggle a lot, get hungry ("Boy, I'd like ten strawberry ice cream cones"), end up acting out Easy Rider on an old bicycle, and decide that the experience has been overwhelmingly pleasant. Turns out that it wasn't grass after all, just English green tea, but the predominant impression is of people turning on and having a really good time. Very strange.

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A direct quote from the Marine Corps in an eyewitness picture essay in the first issue of EARTH, a national magazine for the people, on the newsstands November 17.

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GREG ROLIE.....Keyboards/Vocals
MIKE SHRIEVE.....Drums
DAVE BROWN....Bass Guitar
JOSE' AREAS....Timbals/Conga
MIKE CARABELLO....Congas

Side One

SINGING WINDS' CRYING BEASTS
(Carabello)...Robie switches from Organ to Electronic Piano, adding a 'spacey,' forbidding modd to the drive of Carabello on Congas, which rumbles in increasing intensity, making the first track a promise. Bursts of energy flare from the lead of Santana awakening the tempo, pushing it into the Fury which is Abraxas, to be taken out by the subtle and light transition into BLACK MAGIC WOMEN/GYPSY QUEEN (Peter Green/Gabor Szabo), which mirrors both the style of its writer and the vocal and guitar energies of Santana. Carabello/Areas on drums plus a guitar/organ sound that sounds similar to the thunder of charging electric horses brings you again, more strongly, to Abraxas....OYE COMO VA (Tito Puente) come in just as that last note holds you in limbo. It is spiced with the Latin style of its writer, ending in the solid organ playing of Rolie.

INCIDENT AT NESHABUR (Carlos Santana)
flashes in with the Fury....The Abraxas.....
Areas and Cara

Congas and Timbals lead the tempo with Santana magnifying and electrifying the sounds of Nature's drums...Drums, Organ, Conga, Guitar....Heaven or Hell....Good or Evil.....

WE STOOD BEFORE IT AND BEGAN TO FREEZE
INSIDE FROM THE EXERTION
WE QUESTIONED THE PAINTING.....
BERATED IT, MADE LOVE TO IT.....
PRAYED TO IT.....

the guitar becomes singular, the organ switches to soft, gentle piano...the tempo sways as palms in the Island breeze....Love sings thru the notes.....

RECORDS

WE CALLED IT WHORE AND SLUT.....
CALLED IT BELOVED.....
CALLED IT.....ABRAXAS.....

---EARL

FRANK ZAPPA, *Chunga's Revenge*. Bizarre/Reprise 2030

Mother's Day is the obvious holiday upon which to release a new Zappa record. When you stop to think about it, so is Halloween.

Chunga's Revenge is the name of the latest Bizarre records release; Frank Zappa is given credit as the recording artist. Whereas he did produce, write and play lead guitar on all the cuts, the back up band is the group which has been referred to as "the new Mothers."

Zappa fiends won't be surprised at his fantastic guitar work; after six years one takes his genius for granted. The real star of Chunga's Revenge is Aynsley Dunbar, drummer on all cuts save one.

Zappa usually used two drummers; he always had the best (Billy Mundi is on the new Dylan record). Dunbar had a lot of experience, playing with John Mayall, Jeff Beck and his own group. His reputation, therefore, lies in the British Blues field. Dunbar's performance on this record is both breathtaking and unparalleled in this reviewer's experience.

Not merely content with a bluesman, Zappa picked a jazz pianist, George Duke, to join the group. Jeff Simmons (who has a solo record on Bizarre) plays bass and bizarre vocals, electric violinist Sugar Cane Harris (now with Mayall) surprisingly plays organ on one cut, and veteran Mother Ian Underwood plays piano, organ and sax--including one cut on electric alto sax with wah-wah pedal.

I've avoided going into the content of the record; describing a new Zappa record within a month of its purchase ignores much of the Zappa experience. A little satire (mostly directed at the record industry). Lotsa jazz-rock sorta stuff, and a cut called "Transylvania Boogie" The record is best reviewed in four words:

Chunga's Revenge. Happy Halloween.

---Mike Gold

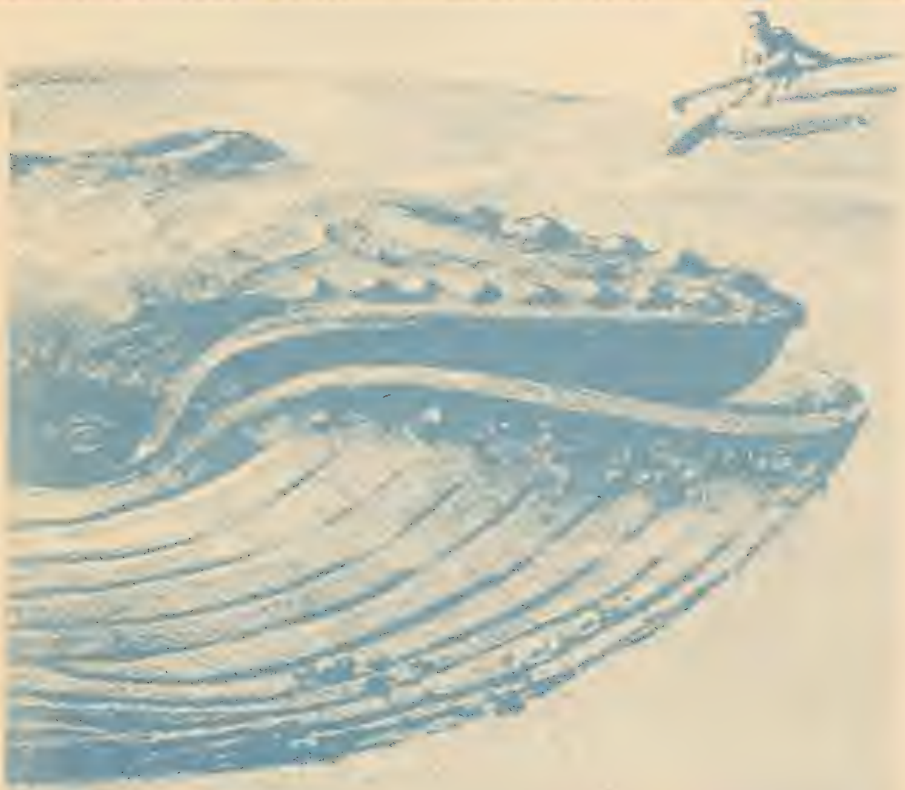
AND MY DOG CAN SING

If you expected Bob Dylan to blow everyone's mind by following his disappointing "Self-Portrait" album with an incredible new gem that would point out once again that Bob Dylan REALLY knows where its at, perhaps you'd better pass on this one. While this latest venture by "the guy that started it all" (ugghhh) isn't as totally unendurable as Self-Portrait, it has low spots that reproduce that sinking feeling that was so common among Dylan fans a few months back.

Much has been made of the "simplicity" of the New Dylan--no more convoluted imagery, no more political statements, just simple down-home emotions for simple down-home folks. Simple is OK, but a line like "Oh what a wonderful feeling just to know that you are near" was used in My Fair Lady in the 50's. Or try the chorus from "Winterlude": "Winterlude, this dude thinks you're grand." Oy Vey! Had Dylan made this album in 1966, or even 1968, it would have been worth interest for the pleasant country-style backup music. In 1970, the year of the country-music comeback (started in part by John Wesley Harding), the year when people like Buddy Emmons, Pete Drake, James Burton and Tom Brumley are backing up rock bands, it sounds like nothing in particular.

It's clear now that Dylan is out of touch, that he has lost the common ground of imagery and experience which made him such an important part of our lives in the past. While most of us are trying to define new kinds of relationships and new meanings of love, Dylan's "If not for you/Babe I couldn't find the door/Couldn't even see the floor/I'd be sad and blue" philosophy doesn't struggle at all. And in "Day of Locusts" Dylan's phrases convey nothing convincing about what it's like to receive an honorary degree from Princeton; it also rivals "The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest" for unlistenability. That's not to say that there is nothing worth listening to on this new album; "Father of Night" is as lyrical as Dylan has ever been, "If Not for You" and "New Morning" are both good songs, but the album as a whole suffers from lack of inventiveness and Dylans uncertain vocal talents. Too bad, but Nothing was Delivered.

--- Elion



Songs of the Humpback Whale. Recorded Live*

*off the coast of Bermuda, using hydrophones



"The first sound reached my ears, and I felt a tingling chill through my entire body. I cut loose and went wherever this creature's sound wanted to take me. One moment it was a high-flung cry, and the next moment a low rumble that vibrated the foundations of my bones. I touched feelings that I could only experience on the ego-less plane of seeing myself as a living organism..."—Gary David, Los Angeles Free Press

"It's especially good for late at night and peaceful, together moments. It stretches your mind to encompass alien art forms..."—Jon Carroll, Rolling Stone

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A LOT of people in the supposed "hip culture" the once upon a time people who were breaks to the mass of INHUMANITY that had swallowed up the earth seem to have forgotten what the term "thank you" means.



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Inner Sanctum
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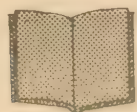
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BOOKS

THE CULTIVATOR'S HANDBOOK OF MARIJUANA

by Bill Drake 73 pps. \$2.50

If you've never read anything on the subject of cultivating marijuana, you'll be amazed at the very tender, almost poetic way in which Bill Drake describes each step in the life cycle of Cannabis Sativa.

It's interesting when you realize that even though grass is just a weed, you apparently have to handle it with kid gloves. For instance, transplanting is a traumatic experience and should be done in a place without drafts or temperature variations, under a green safelight with sterile cotton gloves and sterilized instruments. It's really amazing, the precautions you have to take.

There's a whole list of deficiency signs and what to do about them, a long explanation of natural lighting effects, and a whole section on detecting opiate adulteration.

The book has a whole lot of nice, very detailed graphics, charts and graphs and is written in a fairly light vein with occasional interesting quips like, "Incidentally, Cannabis seeds are considered excellent bird food, because they are fattening and stimulate egg production, so I'd be very careful with those brownie recipes if I were you..." It also seems to be very thorough and ends up with a 7 page bibliography just in case you'd like to read more on subject.

So, if you're into spending the next few years cultivating grass, getting into the different strains, growing Supergrass (yes, there really is such a thing, according to Drake), unrecognizable hybrids, etc., then this is the book for you.

LYNDA

THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO GROWING MARIHUANA

by Dave Fleming 43 pps. \$1.00

Now this book is interesting, even if you're not planning on cultivating your own crop. It's really well-written, clear-cut, and I especially dug his introduction.

"This book is copyrighted, but if you want to xerox a copy for your brother who can't afford a dollar — it's Ok." He goes on to say he's afraid someone will republish the same information for a lot more bread, and that all his profits will go toward establishing a marihuana (his spelling, not mine) growing community near San Diego, the main goal to provide a "good way of living for the people merely by realizing a zero or minimum profit for the company". That's, of course, after grass is legalized.

The only criticism I have is that Dave Fleming does

TOTAL LOSS FARM

by Raymond Mungo
Dutton; \$5.95

The "movement" died because it did not bring its people close together, did not provide a structure within which people could feel secure enough to express their insecurities. Those who worked together didn't live together, rarely developed satisfying relationships, and so movement work became just like any other city job—alienating, oppressive, without the saving graces of regular hours and salaries. For a long time feelings of dissatisfaction were covered over with a fragile elitism, and we thought that all personal problems could be solved by our (supposedly) superior political analysis and our noble political struggles. But then—surprise!—we began to realize that we were living amid extensions of the same family relationships we were trying to escape; we were still living among strangers. It became clear that we had no satisfactory models for constructive relationships, and that any liberation would have to come from a massive struggle not only with society, but with ourselves.

Thus, the "movement" was replaced by small circles of friends, which were called communes, collectives, or affinity groups. People realized that if they couldn't get their own heads and lives together, they couldn't hope to be effective on a political level. But, for some, politics had become an intrusion; the energy required in the struggle for personal liberation was so great that there was little left over for other kinds of hassles. The children the city wanted to rediscover nature, and left to live on farms and rural communes.

Ray Mungo was one of the first to go, splitting just before the Democratic Convention of '68. He helped to found the Liberation News Service and worked with it in Washington, D.C., but when the LNS office moved to Manhattan he found that he couldn't mix with the New York politicians. Rather than admit defeat and bow out gracefully, Mungo, Marshall Bloom and some others grabbed all the LNS equipment in an early morning theft and fled to Massachusetts. The resulting violent confrontation between the two LNS factions is movement history, and it is described in Mungo's first book, Famous Long Ago (Beacon paperback).

TOTAL LOSS FARM, subtitled 'A Year in the Life,' is a chronicle of Mungo's rural existence, with incidental observations and cabrioles along the way. It begins (oddly enough) in Ireland, continues with a trip down the Concord and Merrimac rivers and one across country, and only then—over two-thirds of the way into the book—tells about life on the farm in Vermont. The theme of the book is death and rebirth, winter changing into spring, past becoming future becoming past again, the egoist turning into Liberated Man. The trouble with Mungo's cyclic imagery—aside from the fact that he can't really bring it off—is that it's used as an excuse to avoid confrontation with some important issues. Thus, Mungo explains Marshall Bloom's suicide almost as a practical joke: "he no doubt saw the opportunity to embellish the awfulest October in history and couldn't pass it up," and later tries to take comfort in a pun: "The tree was dead and fit for chopping and burning in the long night. But hold: see patience and healing and grafting and fucking try, slowly but surely, to make it Bloom again." Rather than this lame optimism, I'd have preferred more about Bloom himself, what he was like and why—ultimately—neither political nor rural life could meet his needs. Mungo isn't any better on other crucial issues. Abolish couples! Abolish Individuals! he cries, not stopping to explain exactly what these phrases mean for him or what they meant for Total Loss Farm. They just fall into his scheme of the rebirth of Liberated Man, and thus are beyond discussion. Even in the book's heaviest political scene—when Mungo comes face to face with revolutionary chicanos fighting for their land in New Mexico—he avoids a confrontation with himself. He realizes that he had "no help to offer them, not even underground newspaper publicity" and that his only program was "trying to be alive in the mother country with neither ecological nor political distortion attached." But nothing comes out of this, nothing is resolved. Again he ends with lame wishful-thinking: "It is precisely because the chicanos are owned by New Mexico, in which their culture lies deep and widespread, and because their emotional survival depends on getting it (land), that I am also certain of their ultimate victory." Well, nobody belonged to the American land more than the Indians, nobody's culture lay deeper or more widespread in that land; nobody's emotional survival depended more on it—and see what hap-



not relate to women in his book, as either smokers or cultivators. He frequently refers to that "all-American boy" and his "brothers" but never mentions his sisters.

While "The Cultivator's Handbook..." tends to be a "Jewish mother" as far as care and handling of the plants and is a bit more technical and sophisticated, "The Complete Guide..." brings up a few practical points not mentioned in the other book, such as, intercropping grass with corn or sunflowers, asking your nearest airport for the local aeronautical map showing remote fields, streams, valleys and mountains in your area, and not straining your grass through a colander, thus damaging the seeds.

Another interesting thing I found was that "approximately 7 farmers in the U.S. are licensed to cultivate hemp. With the seeds remaining fertile only a few years, it is necessary to raise a little crop each year in order to maintain a supply in case war necessitates increased rope use."

The only major point the two books differed on was the long term effects of transplanting grass grown in a different geographical location. According to Bill Drake:

"Under normal conditions Cannabis is a diploid (it has 2 sets of chromosomes) plant. This may be thought of as an equilibrium state in a large population of plants growing in the wild, with ready access to the genetic materials of many other normal plants. Occasionally, under certain conditions, a strain of Cannabis develops which is polyploid. This is the reason that exceptionally potent grass is associated with these places..." He goes on to say that by altering the number of chromosomes, you can consistently produce superior grass of the same quality as that found in, "Mexico, the hills of Panama, parts of the Middle East and so on." While, on the other hand, Dave Fleming says:

"Cannabis is unique; it exists in a single species, although there are a number of varieties. The varieties differ from one another in quantity and in the potency of the resins they produce. These differences are mostly conditioned by the geographical location of the plant's growth. Thus Cannabis sativa indica, Cannabis sativa americana, and Cannabis sativa mexicana refer to the varieties of the single species Cannabis sativa, merely indicating the geographical regions where the plant is grown. It is interesting to note that if one takes the Cannabis sativa indica seed and transplants it in the United States, both Cannabis sativa indica and Cannabis sativa americana will spring from the plants. However, in a few short generations, because of climate and soil conditions, the indica variety will completely disappear, leaving only the americana to continue the reproduction cycle."

All in all, you should find this book very interesting and easy to read and if you don't, you can send it back and he'll refund your dollar—at least that's what he says.

LYNDA

pened. Why does Mungo think it will be any different with the chicanos? The book seems to avoid mention of any kind of struggle at all, and to advocate instant liberation (why not, in this age of instant coffee and instant news?) without regard to individual psychology.

It is significant that this book is not nearly so interesting as Famous Long Ago. Why is Mungo more exciting when he's writing about political struggle than when he's describing the details of rural life? Why can't the writer come to terms with the realities of his new existence? What are the secrets he's hiding? And if his ego is really dead, how does he have the hubris to assume he's on a trip of Kesey-like proportions? (Kesey, after all, didn't think he was on a Kesey trip; he just did it.)

Some good things do come through. Mungo is convincing when he writes about his mistrust of organizations and the superiority of one-to-one relationships ("I am willing to help you as much as I'm able, as a single person can help another, not as a movement or government can help a mass.") He is right to observe that freedom must be demanded first of all of oneself, not of society or government. And his descriptions of friends are honest and loving. (Mungo does well by his friends, both here and in his first book).

In Famous Long Ago, Mungo admitted that he worked on LNS not for any altruistic or unselfish reasons, but because that was what he most wanted to do at the time. But rather than make the same admission here, he contends that his life style is the only one that can save the world, and insists that "There is no adventure greater than ours"

The fact seems to be that he just can't take urban or political hassles any more, and thus is forced to withdraw from them. That's his privilege. (And we shouldn't forget that it IS a privilege, not open to everyone). What is necessary now are ever-expanding communities which are meeting their own needs; small, self-contained communities like Total Loss Farm are nice but severely limited. Perhaps Mungo is right, maybe the energy required to get our own heads together and to relate honestly to our friends is so great that we can't really accomplish anything more. But I don't think so. There are a lot of people with a lot of energy trying to prove otherwise. We can still work and hope.

LEON

FREE CITY

FREE CITY EXCHANGE is the Chicago community switchboard. Call 281-7197 if you need a place to crash, have a place for someone to crash, need a ride somewhere, have a ride, need medical care, need food, have food, need a lawyer, on a bum trip, need a job or an apartment, or anything at all. The phones are open from noon to midnite and noon to 3am weekends. 281-7197. 834 West Armitage, in the People's Church. 281-7197 281-7198

THE LISTINGS FOR THESE ORGANIZATIONS ARE BEING CHANGED. SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE TWO OF THIS ISSUE FOR THE REASON WHY.

MORE DETAILS WILL BE GIVEN IN SUBSEQUENT ISSUES.

THE DEPOT — 955-9347

KOOLAIDE — 12 E. Walton — 664-0505

LOOKING GLASS — 1725 W Wilson — 334-2601

SUNSHINE AIDE (Y.E.S.) — 4220 W. 59th St. 767-1565

Y.A.T.S. — Youth Aid Telephone Service — 775-2211.

YOUTH AND COMMUNITY OUTREACH of Palatine — 37 N Plum Grove Rd, 358-6702.

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH 555 W Belden. 929-3553

PEOPLE'S INFORMATION CENTER 2154 North Halsted has information available on the Black Panther Party, the Young Lords, Rising Up Angry, and other revolutionary organizations. They carry the Panther paper, Rising Up Angry, and other papers and information booklets and books. 549-8626.

The information center needs office supplies, and specifically Roneo mimeo supplies, an instruction book for a Roneo 350 is electric mimeo, and lots of 16 or 20 lb paper.

LISTINGS WANTED — Call the Seed at 929-0133 for any changes and/or corrections in the listings. Don't be too bogus, we'll check up on you.

RADIO FREE CHICAGO is on every night (or morning, if you will) from midnight to 5am with lotsa good music and some good raps by people in the community. The Suzy Creamcheese Collective runs it Thursday and Friday at midnite; Rising Up Angry is on Saturdays at midnite, and various other wierdos take charge the other nights of the week. Call 273-3330 and rap with the people, or call if you have any news or community announcements you want to make.

TRIAD is on WXXM, 105.9 from 8pm to midnight Monday through Friday. You should listen - good music, good people.

UNDERGROUND NEWS of Channel 44, Monday through Saturday at 11:50 to midnight. Get the news about your brothers and sisters, the only good news on the tube.

COMMUNITY MEETINGS — EVERY WEDNESDAY
AT 7:30pm AT THE IWW HALL, — 2440 N. LINCOLN

Community

ALICE'S REVISITED at 950 West Wrightwood is open every night except Monday. Check the Seed Calendar for schedule of events. Alice's is a political, social and cultural center for our community. They have information boards, space for rapping or playing chess, great blues bands on the weekends and thursdays, folk music, raps, theater groups, just about everything. They also have some good food and some good coffee. More people are needed to help expand their programs, especially the Children's program Saturdays. Donations are \$1.00, 50 cents for GI's

THE BOOKSTORE LTD. trades, buys and sells books, takes crafts and almost anything on consignment. They have access to an industrial sewing machine for those who know how to sew, and highly potential market for individually styled clothes — bring your own materials or sew with their on a consignment basis. 2478 North Lincoln, stop by.

FREE CITY CLOTHING is now at Concerned Citizens Survival Front, 2512 North Lincoln, and at Free City Exchange. If you need it, come and get it. If you got it, go and give it.

FREE JOB CO-OP. Volunteers from the Chicago Fine Arts Guild are now staffing the new Free Job Co-op at the Jane Addams Center, Hull House, 3212 Broadway. They are creating new jobs as well as drumming up the old ones. Besides people who want a job, they NEED houses, garages, etc, to paint, interior and exterior. They've got lots of skilled men, good references, and the guarantee professional quality. If you need a paint job, good work at good prices, please call them today. 549-1631.

FREE CITY FOOD is into supplying free feeds for the community, and into opening up a food coop and a community pantry. They need help to do this, so call them at Free City Exchange (281-7197) and find out what you can do to help.

FREE CITY CHRISTMAS' Toys needed — new or repairable for Children's Christmas program at Alice's Revisited. Drop them off at 950 W Wrightwood.

FREE STORE at the Youth Help Center of Grace Lutheran Church wants all the old stuff you don't need — things like old books, clothes, furniture, money, etc, so they can set up a free store. Bring your old stuff to the Church at 555 West Belden from 11am to 5pm weekdays, or evenings by calling 929-3553.

HARPERS FERRY ORDNANCE has rifles, shotguns and shooting supplies. Hours are from 11am to 5pm Saturdays, and thier at 180 North Wacker, room 605.

PEOPLE'S PANTRY OF LAKEVIEW is at the La Gente Office, 3418 N Halsted. Hours are from 8:30 to 10:30am and from 6 to 8pm every day. Large donations of food are really needed, as are volunteers and money.

VISIT A P.O.W. The Black Panther Party has begun a program to enable visits by family and friends to prisoners being held in the jails in the state. Rides are being arranged to Joliet, St Charles, Sheridan, Vandalia, Menard, the House, and others. Call 243-8276 for more information. If you know of any organization or church or individual who has access to transportation and can donate some time to the project, call 243-8276 or Rising Up Angry at 472-1791.

UPTOWN DESIGN CENTER — 1050 LeLand Ave, 334-5435 provides free architectural and other technical assistance to the people. hours are from 9am to 9pm Mon to Fri and 10am to 4pm Sat.

WHOLE EARTH STORE, 545 Dempster in Evanston, is a bookstore that's in it for a lot more than the money. "Community copies" of each book on sale are available for reading in the store, and people are asked to bring books by so that a circulating library can be set up. Also planned are the stocking of some of the materials listed in the Whole Earth Catalog and rap groups on Ecology, health, community, counter-culture, and radical politics. Call 491-9555 for info.

Organizations

THE ILLINOIS CHAPTER OF THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY publishes a community bulletin, operates seven community centers, three breakfast programs, a medical center, and the National Committee to Combat Fascism. They need money, breakfast foods, office equipment and supplies, mimeos, paper, and cars. The office is at 2350 West Madison, phone 243-8276.

COMMITTEE OF RETURNED VOLUNTEERS is an organization of returned overseas volunteers (peace corps, etc) doing research into American Imperialism and is working in support of all anti-imperialist movements. They're at 840 West Oakdale, call 477-3340.

CONCERNED CITIZEN'S SURVIVAL FRONT is a leader in the struggles around urban removal, racism, adequate medical care, decent food and clothing programs, and the overall needs of poor and oppressed people in the Lincoln Park Area. Give them a call at 348-6842 or stop by the office at 2512 North Lincoln Ave. Volunteer help is always welcome.

THE EVANSTON PEACE CENTER has a draft counseling service, a library and a bookstore among other good things. The regular hours for the center are from 10 to 4 every day. For information on the draft counseling service hours, call 475-2260.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION — See the good numbers section and call one of the centers listed to find out what's going on — there's too much to even start listing here.

Pregnancy counseling and services are available through Jane (Women's Liberation) at 643-3844.

GAY LIBERATION is dedicated to freedom for homosexuals to live without fear of repression and to develop points of solidarity of gay people with other oppressed peoples.

Chicago Gay Liberation.....525-5268
U of I, Circle Campus.....day....663-2645
night...528-0564
Roosevelt.....525-5268
South Side.....

Mattachine Midwest.....334-2244
Third World Gay Revolutionaries 684-1531
U. of Chicago.....493-5658

CHICAGO BRANCH OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD is part of the oldest genuine radical labor organization in the US. The office is at 2240 North Lincoln Ave, the phone is 549-5045. The hall is available for meetings, socials and benefits, but needs a lot of work, so why don't you drop by and help out? Volunteer office help is welcome. Call them for help in job situations that are in need of labor organizing. Meetings are the 1st Friday of every month.

LADO — The Latin American Defense Organization is from the Latin community to the near Northwest side of Chicago. LADO was founded in September of 1966 and has concentrated on attacking the problems of welfare recipients. In addition, LADO has acted on a number of complaints of police brutality. The latest programs are the Center for People's Health, and in addition to the Welfare Union, LADO is organizing around the problems of workers in the community, creating a mass involvement in the organization. Call 276-0909 or go by the office at 2353 West North Avenue for further information.

LA DOLORES WOMEN'S LIBERATION CENTER is at 2150 N Halsted, and their phone is 935-0364. La Dolores has lots of programs: introduction to Women's Liberation; rap groups; Marxist study groups; Women's history groups, self defense classes, a day care committee, to mention only a few of the programs. The center is open every day until around 11pm. Call or stop by.

MEN AGAINST COOL are a group of men trying to deal with the ways in which men oppress women, other men and themselves. They are holding continuing rap sessions on these and other related topics. For more information call 248-9622 or 477-9771.

MEDICAL COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS, 1613 East 63rd St, 752-7472, helps out free medical centers, provides instruction on street medical aid, and can provide medical presence at demonstrations.

MOVEMENT FOR A DEMOCRATIC MILITARY is trying to get a little democracy into the armed forces by organizing active duty GI's and reservists. They operate a bookstore and office at 1303 Morrow in North Chicago. For info call 689-2525.

NORTH SIDE COOPERATIVE MINISTRY is involved in too many programs to list here. They are working in the areas of promoting peace, low income housing, education through a Headstart program, common pantries and a bail service. They need volunteers, food, lawyers, medical supplies, and bail money. Call 281-0690 if you need what they got or you have what they need. 2507 North Greenview.

PONTIAC FOUR DEFENSE COMMITTEE had been set up to defend four Chicagoans accused of ripping off a draft board in Pontiac. They need money to cover the heavy bond and legal expenses, legal fees, etc. Mail donations to the Committee at 542 South Dearborn, room 1403. They need volunteer office help and people who can set up speaking engagements. 922-8234

RISING UP ANGRY is an organization of brothers and sisters both grease and freak throughout the city. They publish a newspaper, hold open raps, cool out fights between the gangs and try to get the people together to fight the real enemy. They have a new office at 2744 North Lincoln, the phone number is the same, 472-1791.

STUDENT HEALTH ORGANIZATION (SHO) works to bring health and medicine to the streets. They are involved with several of the medical centers listed here, and the welcome, need, volunteer help. Help smash the profit oriented medical industry. 1613 E. 53rd, 493-2741.

TRIAL — Total Repeal of Illinois Abortion Laws — is a coalition of organizations and individuals in the state that believes that Abortion is a woman's right. To aid in the repeal of the abortion laws, call 248-1600 or stop by the office at 2150 North Halsted. Help is needed NOW.

THE YOUNG LORDS ORGANIZATION fights for the right of Puerto Ricans to exist in decent conditions, and for a Free Puerto Rico. They have been the target of heavy police harassment and are in desperate need of bail money and legal expenses. Call 549-8505. 834 West Armitage.

THE YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY is dedicated to the overthrow of government, authority, money and morality. Leave messages in the hollow tree at the northeast corner of Lincoln Park. For more information call the red squad.

DIRECTORY

Health Centers

These clinics are set up primarily to serve the community in which they operate. All of them are understaffed, overworked and broke. If you haven't got the money for a doctor, then call the clinic nearest to you for information. But if you CAN afford a doctor, then don't go to a clinic just because you want something for free. These centers are run to provide decent medical care for people who might not otherwise even SEE a doctor. Don't fuck them up, nobody needs freeloaders

BENITO JUAREZ COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER is located at 1831 S. Racine, and it's open every Wednesday nite. Call 243-4844 for info on services.

COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER OF ENGLEWOOD is at 140 West 62nd Street and is open on Monday and Wednesday night. Call 955-3220 for information.

DR. E. BETANCES FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is operated by the Young Lords Organization at the People's Church, 834 W. Armitage. It serves people living south of Fullerton Ave in the Lincoln Park area. Call 549-8505 for hours and services or contact Alberto Chavira at 549-2927 for information on how you can help keep the center in operation.

CENTRO PARA SALUD DEL PUEBLO is operated by the Latin American Defense Organization for the people in their community. Call 276-0900 for information and hours.

IRENE JOSSELYN CLINIC, 405 Central Avenue in Northfield is a mental health clinic serving the northern suburbs of Chicago. Hours are 8 to 5 Monday to Friday, though evenings and Saturdays are possible if you call. There IS a fee, but it's according to ability to pay.

THE FRITZ ENGELSTEIN FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is at the Holy Covenant Church, Wilton and Diversey. It serves people living between Fullerton and Barry and between Clark and Racine. Hours are Mondays from 6 to 9pm and Wednesdays from 3 to 9pm. It provides medical care, checkups, shots, disease tests, referrals for health, housing and legal problems, child care and education in family health care, first aid, and nutrition. 348-6842. The center is in desperate need of doctors and nurses, so if you qualify, please see if you can help them out.

SPURGEON "JAKE" WINTER FREE PEOPLE'S MEDICAL CLINIC is operated by the Black Panther Party and provides free health care for the community. They are at 3850 W 16th Street, 522-3220. Donation of money and medical supplies are always welcome

YOUNG PATRIOTS UPTOWN HEALTH SERVICE is at 4408 N Sheridan Rd, 334-8957, and is operated by the Young Patriots Organization for the people of Uptown. Hours are from 7pm Monday through Thursday. The clinic will NOT treat cases of VD for people not living in Uptown, since that service is available free from the board of health. The center needs money to continue to operate, supplies and drugs cost plenty \$\$.

WELLS-DARROW EVENING MEDICAL CENTER is at 624 East 38th Place. For further information call 373-0514.

Legal Aid

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION handles cases where points of constitutionality are involved. They won't usually take drug busts or ordinary riot cases. The office is at 6 S Clark, phone 236-5564.

COUNTER-CULTURAL LAW PROJECT is a group of lawyers and law students who want to help with the legal hassles of living a free life in Chicago. If you are living the revolution and are being hassled, call the project at 649-8576. 360 E. Superior St.

LEGAL WELFARE CLINIC is held every other Tuesday from 6 to 9 pm at the Concerned Citizens Survival Front. Call 348-6842 for info.

THE PEOPLE'S LAW OFFICE handles criminal cases free to members of revolutionary organizations, others according to their ability to pay. 2156 N Halsted. 929-1880.

Printing - Art

J.S. JORDAN MEMORIAL PRINTING CO-OP prints for the community at co-operative rates. Donations of paper and printing supplies are welcome at this Wobbly shop (IU 450). 6710 N Clark. 973-0219.

OMEGA POSTERS prints for the community. Omega grew out of the CADRE printing program. They can print sizes up to 11x17 inches in four colors with separations provided. 711 S Dearborn. 939-7672.

RED STAR PRESS prints for the community at reasonable rates and fine quality. They can do four colors up to 17x22 inches, and they will be happy to teach you how to run a press of your own. 180 N Wacker down by the scenic Chicago River, or if pollution makes you ill, call 641-1576.

WOMEN'S REVOLUTIONARY ART COOP has formed to help women break the chains of the colonizing brainwashing that they have been subjected to all their lives and to open up another front against the Amerikan Fatherland. Art Belongs To the People! 935-0364. Meetings are at La Dolores Center Wednesdays at 7:30pm. 2150 N Halsted.

Classes

THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOL is operating on two fronts — survival through learning technical skills in communications and liberation through student-developed curricula — ranging from academic courses in Afro-American history to running a Saturday evening coffeehouse. They have been operating a student-run food coop as well. Call 561-6737 for information on classes or programs. 4408 North Sheridan.

FREE UNIVERSITY — courses on Allen Ginsberg and Communes, other courses are planned. Call 477-9771 for more info.

FREE CITY U course on communes as an alternative life style, requires only your interest in a better way to live. Call 338-7149 for more details, time, days, etc, usw.

Draft

CAMP has counselors at the following locations to provide advice on discharges for hardship, CO and other outs, as well as lawyers for Court Martials, political problems, etc. for active duty servicemen:

AFSC: 427-2533
CADRE: 664-6895
MCDC: 427-3350

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE — 427-2533.

CHICAGO AREA DRAFT RESISTERS: 519 West North, 664-6895.

MIDWEST COMMITTEE FOR DRAFT COUNSELING : 427-3350.

NORTH SIDE

Wellington Ave Draft Counseling: Wellington ave Congregational Church, 615 Wellington. 935-0642.

Uptown Draft Information Service: Hull House, 4520 N Beacon. 561-8033. Monday. CADRE: 519 W. North. 664-6895.

Ravenswood-Uptown Interfaith Fellowship. Barry Methodist Church, 4754 N Leavitt, 784-3273

Lincoln Park Draft Counseling — 600 W Fullerton, 248-8828. 7pm to 10pm Monday to Thursday.

SOUTH SIDE

Chicago Black Anti-War, Anti-Draft Union. 446 S. Michigan Ave, 11am to 6pm daily. 300 E 39th St (YWCA) 7 to 9pm Tues, Thurs.

Hyde Park Draft Information Center: 5615 S Woodlawn. 363-1248.

Mandel Legal Aid Clinic, 6020 S University. 324-5181

South Side Draft Information Center: 2355 W. 63rd, 2nd Floor. 925-3686.

ROOSEVELT UNIVERSITY Selective Service Counseling Organization. 430 S. Michigan, rm 110, 341-2016.

WEST SIDE

Lawndale Draft Counseling Program. 277-3140 or 762-2010 after 6 pm.

Austin Draft Counseling Center. 5903 West Fulton 626-9385.

SUBURBS

Gary - Lake County Draft Information Center, 3525 Jefferson, (219) 887-5037

Evanston — Peace and World Affairs Center, 926 Chicago, 475-2260.

Maywood — West Suburban Draft Counseling Center, 100 S 19th Ave, 344-2343.

Lombard — Draft Counseling Center, 1 South Park, 2nd floor, 629-9146

La Grange — Area Draft Information Group, 24 West Burlington. 352-6677.

Techny — North Shore Draft Information Group, Divine Word Seminary, 1835 Waukegan Rd, 272-2700.

Naperville — Council of Churches Information Center, 34 S Washington, 355-0210.

Oak Park — Village Draft Counseling Information Service, 1st Presbyterian Church, 931 Lake Street, 383-1872

FREE CITY EXCHANGE
Kool Aide 12 E Walton 281-7197
Y.A.T.S. 664-0505
Youth & Community Outreach 775-2211
The Depot 383-1872
Sunshine Aide 2440 W 59th 955-9347
Looking Glass (runaways) 1725 W Wilson 767-1565
Grace Church (runaways) 555 W Belden 334-2601
Alice's Revisited 950 W Wrightwood 929-3553
Seed 950 W Wrightwood 528-4250
Rising Up Angry 929-0133
Chicago Defender 472-1791
Second City 2120 N Halsted 225-2400
Chicago Journalism Review 549-8760
Radio Free Chicago 644-5255
273-3330

People's Info Center 2154 N Halsted 549-8626
Job Co-op 3212 Broadway 549-1631
N Side Coop Ministry 281-0690

WOMEN'S LIBERATION
Women's Liberation Union 927-1790
S Side Women's Ctr— 5406 S Dorchester DO3-1348
La Dolores - 2150 N Halsted 935-0364
W Side Women's Ctr - 2874 W Cermak 927-1790
Revolutionary Art Coop 935-0364

MDM 1303 Morrow 689-2525
Black Panther Party 2350 W Madison 243-8276
Concerned Citizens 2512 N Lincoln 348-6842
IWW 2440 N Lincoln 549-5045
Young Patriots 4400 N Sheridan 334-8957
LADO 2353 2353 W North 276-0909
Young Lords 834 W Armitage 549-8505
Pontiac Four Det Comm 542 S Dearborn 922-8234
Chi Peace Council 343 S Dearborn 922-6578
Peoples School 4409 N Sheridan 561-6737

Student Mobe 407 S Dearborn 922-1068
YSA 248-8082

GAY LIBERATION

Chicago Gay Liberation 525-5268
U of I Circle Campus day 663-2645
night 528-0564
Roosevelt U 525-5268
Women's Caucus 642-7476
Mattachine Midwest 334-2244

Third World Gay Revolutionaries 684-1531

U of Chicago 493-5658

Breadbasket 548-6540
Men Against Cool 248-9622
Comm. of Ret. Vol. 840 W Oakdale 477-3340
Community Legal Counsel 726-0157
Lincoln Pk Rights Center 525-9775
ACLU 6 S. Clark 236-5564
People's Law 2156 N Halsted 929-1880
Counter Cultural Law Project 649-8576

Mental Health Clinic 1900 N Sedgwick 642-3531
VD Clinic (free) 27 E 26th St 842-0222

Student Health Org 1613 E 63rd
Young Patriots Clinic 4408 N Sheridan 334-8957
Planned Parenthood 185 N Wabag 726-5134
Young Lords Clinic 834 N Armitage 549-8505

Fritz Engelstein Health Ctr 348-8576
Abortion Counseling 643-3844
TRIAL — 2150 N Halsted 248-1600
Black Panther Helath Clinic 522-3226

Englewood Health Clinic 140 W 62nd 955-3220
Centro Para Salud Del Pueblo 276-0900
Benito Juarez Clinic 1831 N Racine 243-4844

Dial A Beating 11th & State 765-1313
Police Emergency 633-2200

Audy Home 2240 W Roosevelt 523-0101
Cook County POW Camp 2600 Calif

COMMUNITY

CALENDAR

If you have anything you want printed in the Calendar, it's free; just send it to Calendar, Seed, 950 W. Wrightwood, or call 929-0133.

NOVEMBER 16— Trial of Pontiac 4 begins. Federal Bldg., Peoria, Judge Thomas Morgan's courtroom. The Pontiac 4, charged with ripping off draft files in Pontiac, are planning several activities around the trial, which will probably last a couple of weeks. If you want transportation to the trial, call 922-8234.

NOVEMBER 17 and 18— Steve Fraser, defendant in Fraser-Borgman frame-up case in Philadelphia, will speak on "How to Fight Repression." Tuesday, the 17th, with the Black Panthers at Columbia College, 540 Lake Shore, 3:30 p.m. Wed., the 18th, at Northwestern, Harris 202 at 7:30 p.m.

NOVEMBER 19-20— Conference on "Philosophy and the Black Liberation Struggle" at University of Illinois Chicago Circle campus, Lecture Center. Begins 2 p.m. Friday. Speakers include Kenneth Mills of Yale, William Okadigbo, a Nigerian who teaches at Catholic University of America, and by representatives of the black community.

NOVEMBER 20 — Two weekend training sessions sponsored by the Non-Violent Training and Action Center. To make reservations or for further information, call them at 922-8234. 1) "Philosophy of Non-Violence," led by David Finke, in Lake Forest. 2) Introductory weekend at Maryknoll College, in Glen Ellen.

NOVEMBER 20-22—Midwest GI/Civilian Solidarity Conference. Sponsored by the Chicago Area Military Project. Registration 6 p.m. Friday. Workshops in GI Rights, Court Martials, and GI organizing, coffeehouses, etc. For further information call CAMP office, 327-9044, or stop by 2214 N. Halsted

NOV. 26 - 28 Peoples Constitutional Convention; Howard University, Washington, D.C. People who want to go need transportation. If you have a car and can take riders, call 549-8626 or The Black Panther Party, 243-8276.

November 21— RALLY at one p.m. Abortion is a Women's Right! Sponsored by TRIAL (Total Repeal of Illinois Abortion Laws). Further information from them at 2150 N. Halsted, 248-1600. They need contributions in dollars and workers.

NOVEMBER 26-29— 17th Annual American Indian Pow-Wow. At the Chicago Ave. Armory 234 E. Chicago Avenue. Begins 11 a.m. until 10 p.m. Tribal Dances, arts and crafts. Sponsored by the American Indian Center, 275-5871.

NOVEMBER 29— Open House for the Black Panther Party's new community day-care and free breakfast center. 4223 So. Indiana Ave. 1-4 p.m. Speakers, tapes, films and food. They need donations and contributions of clothes, books, toys, childrens' furniture. For further information call 738-0778

DECEMBER 6— Reception for Jane Fonda to benefit the Pontiac 4, the Alliance to End Repression, and the Chicago Peace Council. At home of Herb Hazlekorn, 2700 Wilmette Ave. Winnetka 4 p.m. Donation \$5.00. For further information call Pontiac 4 Defense Committee at 922-8234.

DECEMBER 1—Benefit for the Peace and Welfare Center of Evanston, at First United Methodist Church, 1630 Hinman, Evanston. Donation \$2.50. Speakers, films, folksingers. For further information call 475-2260.

Nov. 20—"Strangelove" and "Steve Morgan" at Rivendell at the Community House, 1621 Lincoln, Winnetka, block east of Greenbay off Pine St. 7:30 pm. Benefit for Cook County Bail Fund. Free All Political Prisoners!

SYNDROME, Chicago Coliseum at 15th and Wabash. Nov. 20—TEN YEARS AFTER, Quatermass, Mylon and Skid Row. Nov. 27—MC-5, Alice Cooper, Stooges. Performances at 8 p.m. Tickets \$5.00, available from ticket dealers in advance or at door.

AUDITORIUM THEATRE-22nd Century presents: Nov. 21— FRANK ZAPPA and the MOTHERS OF INVENTION, and McIan-Forest Stage Group. 8:30 p.m.

Nov. 22—SMOKEY ROBINSON and the Miracles, 7:30 p.m.

Nov. 26— CHICAGO, 7 and 10:30 p.m. Tickets available at Ticketron outlets. \$6.50-\$3.50.

AUDITORIUM THEATRE—Triangle presents: Nov. 25—DEREK AND THE DOMINOES, 7:30 p.m.

Nov. 27— STEVIE WONDER, 7:30

Nov. 28—THE FIFTH DIMENSION, 7, 10:30.

Dec. 4&5— PETE SEEGER, 8:30
Tickets \$6.50-\$3.50 (except for Pete Seeger, which are \$4.50-\$2.50). Available from Ticketron Outlets.

EVANSTON CHRISTMAS SHOW, Dec. 7th, 7:30 p.m. FREE. Poncho-Pilot will be playing. For more details contact Jack Ardell, 764-2895.

Music

THE BLUE GARGOYLE, 5655 So. University, will hold a Jazz Benefit at 8 p.m. Nov. 16. Nov. 17 at 8 p.m. the COSMICS will perform at 8. For details call 955-5826.

Nov 20-21. Contemporary concerts presents an Anti-concert at Museum of Contemporary Art, 237 E. Ontario, 8pm. "As participants in an anti-concert, it is perhaps self-evident that we are not seeking applause, but participation in our music by a willing audience." Music and non-music will include Hindemith, Cage, Monteverdi, Costumes, objects, closed circuit TV, visual projectors. All parts guaranteed. For further info (do you need it?) call 337-1365.

MUSIC IS NEWS

Discovery; rediscovery.
Everything is new;
all is timeless. Music
chronicles its age.

Dunn and McCashen: Rainbow music thoughts from the writers of "Hitchcock Railway" and "Lydia Purple"...now writing and performing in heavy harmony.

Maverick Child—David Rea: Guitarist to such as Judy Collins, Ian and Sylvia and Gordon Lightfoot, now singer-composer much in his own right.

Ashton, Gardner & Dyke: British iconoclasts now touring the U.S. Their music speaks with gentle nastiness.

Yellow Hand: A magical collection of new compositions by Young, Davis, Bramlett, Stills and Tawney, brightly blessed.

Eclipse—Edward Bear: You first heard them sing "You, Me and Mexico." These are musical progressions—logical, natural, good.

Brinsley Schwarz: "And if the cops are gonna get him he may be president by then." He/they of gentle harmony and humor, an organic blend.



Capitol
A Capitol Industries Company

Second in a series of six drawings
commissioned by Capitol from John Van Hammersveld.



THE SEED is having a much-needed Benefit! Actually, we are having two much needed benefits. Plans are not yet set for December 19. On December 20, at Alices 950 W. Wrightwood, we will bring you Wilderness Road, Flight, Poncho Pilot, and more. Door prizes, and more and MORE. Watch for further details, and come!

THE WISE FOOLS PUB, 2270 N. Lincoln. Mon nites features big bands; Tues. and Thurs. Odell Brown and the Organizers Wed. is folk night, with Howie Bergman, Terry Collier, The Gentle Would. Fri. and Sat. are blues nights with different bands. Shows at 9 p.m. Admission \$1.00 all nites but Wed., which is .50. Call 929-1510.

ALICES REVISITED, 950 W. Wrightwood, is starting a film series, in addition to their music program. First film will be Dec. 1 at 8 p.m. "Scorpio Rising." Music is:

Nov. 20 & 21—Fenton Robinson Blues Band, with Midge, Mike and Tim. Two sets 8:30 & 22. \$1.00 donation.

Nov. 22— Chicago Indian Village Benefit, 12 till 12. with JESSIE at 8:30 and 10:30. \$1.50 a person, \$2.25 couple.

Nov. 25 & 26— John Little John, with Jimmy Rodgers. 8:30 & 11. \$2 Jimmy Rodgers. 8:30 & 11. \$1.00.

Nov. 27 * 28— Advancement for Advancement, for Creative Musicians, with Muhal Richard Abrams and Maurice McIntire.

Nov. 29—McLuhens folk! night, open, \$.50 donation.

DECEMBER 12— Benefit Dance, "The Environmental Experience 1" for the Campaign Against Pollution (CAP) 8 p.m. at 4740 So. Cicero. Folk and rock. Donation \$5.00. Tickets available in advance by calling CAP 929-2922.

CHICAGO BLUES SCENE

(usually only on week-ends)

After years of oppression, some of the people who frequent the following clubs may be overly prone to making value judgements based solely on skin color. Palefaces should proceed with caution.

WEST SIDE

Washburn Lounge - Hayne & Washburn Avenue Lounge - 2841 W. Madison Texas Lady - 3135 W. Cermak The Full Note - Ogden & Sawyer Turners - 39th & Indiana Peppers - 43rd & Vincennes Theresa's - 48th & Indiana Don's Cedar Club - Milwaukee & Division

SOUTH SIDE

The 1125 Club - 1125 W. 59th Expressway Lounge - 72 E. 55 Stardust Lounge - 1253 W. 79th Club Alex - 1815 W. Roosevelt Tom's Musicians' Lounge - Roosev. & Fairfield Big Dukes - 2500 W. Roosevelt

If you're under 21 and can't get into Chicago Blues Bars, try "Backwater" a radio program with Club blues, interviews, blues news, and uninhibited farce. Host is Cary S. Baker, editor of Blue Flame. Hear it Thurs. nights at 8pm on WNTH, 88.1 FM, no commercials.

Catch Ryan Against the Night on WGLD 102.7 FM 8-12 weeknights. John Ryan plays good blues rock, reports movement and community news.

Radio Free Chicago—WEAW, 105.1FM, 7 nights a week, midnight to... Thurs and Fri is the Suzy Creamcheese program, featuring raps with people, music, Sat night Rixing Up Angryhosts

FLICKS

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, 237 E. Ontario. "One-Eyed Dicks," a continuously projected 14 minute film comprised of sequences of photo graphs taken by "triggered automatic cameras during bank robberies." Oct 31-Dec. 31. For further information call 943-7755.

CALENDAR

3— PENNY CINEMA, 2424 N. Lincoln.

Regular feature: "Carry It On," Joan Baez's flick, and "Don't Look Back," Bob Dylan's flick. In addition, the 3—Penny will be showing midnight films starting the weekend of Nov. 20. These are films which are not otherwise shown in Chicago. Nov 20: "Akron" Nov. 27 & 28 "Confrontation at Kent State," Seasons of Change," the ACLU film about the 1968 Democratic Convention (you remember that one), and "Yippies!" So come Friday and Saturday midnight, head for the 3—Penny or you'll turn into a pumpkin.

6th ANNUAL CHICAGO INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, at the Carnegie Theatre,

Rush and Oak Streets.

Nov. 17: "Bats in the Belfry," from Yugoslavia. 3:30 p.m.; "You're Lying," Swedish film, at 6:30 p.m.; "Ciao, Federico!" Italian, at 9:15 p.m.

Nov. 18: at 2 p.m. "The Great Depression, a Human Diary," "By the People," and "Convention."

Nov. 19: "The Chicago School," at 6 p.m.

THEATER

The Fourth Force, at Second Unitarian Church, 656 W. Barry, "Tom's not Himself Today," an original movement work, and "The Fast," an improvisational play. Through Nov. 21. Fri & Sat, at 8:30. Donation \$2.00—students \$1.50. For reservations call ST2-9319.

Hull House, Jane Adams Center, 3212 N. Broadway present "Horatio" a folk musical by George Costas. Tickets are \$1.50 & for students \$.75. Fri, Sat., Sun at 8:30 pm.

Paul Bunyan Theatre in Old Town. Beg. Nov 14, "Things That Go Bump in the Night," by Terence McNally. 8:30 pm on Fri, Sat, Sun. Adm is \$3.00, \$2.00 for students. For information call 943-1551.

KINGSTON MINES THEATRE, 2356 N. Lincoln, presents "Gargoyle Cartoons" by Michael McClure. Wed.-Sun. at 8:30. Tickets \$2.00. Sat. \$2.50. For reservations call 525-9893.

PLAYHOUSE THEATRE, 315 W. North Ave. presents "The Maids" by Jean Genet. Fri. at 8:30; Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun. at 7:30. Tickets \$3.00 and \$2.00. For reservations call 751-9643.

THE ORGANIC THEATRE, 2259 N. Lincoln, presents "The Tarot Cards," Wed.-Fri. at 8:30, tickets \$2.50. Sat. at 10:30, tickets \$3.00, students \$1.50. For reservations call 477-1977.

NEW CHICAGO CITY PLAYERS, at Baird Hall, 615 W. Wellington Ave., opens November 20 with "We Bombed in New Haven," by Joseph Heller. Fri. and Sat. at 8:30; Sun. at 7:30. Tickets \$2.50 (\$2.00 for students) Call 929-0542 for reservations. The company is interested in performing several benefit shows for community organizations, and would like to hear from interested groups.

SECOND CITY, 1616 N. Wells presents "Cooler Near the Lake Tues. thru Thurs. at 9 p.m. Fri. and Sat. 8:30 and 11. Sun. at 9. Tickets \$2.95 and \$3.95. Improvisations are free and follow the evening performances every day but Friday. For reservations call 337-3992.

Murray Schisgal, and "Gallows Humor," Jack Richardson's black comedy. Fri and Sat at 8:30, Sun. at 7:30. For reservations call 549-8618.

CAFE TOPA, 3806 N. Ashland Ave., presents two unusual one-act plays, "The Tiger" by Murray Schisgal, and Gallows Humor" by

MAYFAIR COLLEGE PLAYERS, 4626 N. Knox Ave., presents "Star Spangled Girl," by Niel Simon. Fri and Sat, Nov. 20 and 21st, at 8:30 p.m. Tickets \$1.50 and \$1.00. Special ½ discount to Chicago Public Schools students. For reservations call 973-0547.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE THEATRE DEPT. presents "Operation Sidewinder" by Chicago playwright Sam Shepard. At Performing Arts Center, 1725 N. Wells street. All performance are FREE. Fri. and Sat. at 7:30. For further information call 467-0300.

GOODMAN THEATRE, 200 S. Columbus Drive, presents "Twelfth Night," by (who?) William Shakespeare, beginning December 3. Fri and Sat at 8:30 p.m. Sun. at 2 p.m. Tickets \$4.40—\$3.25. For reservations call CE6-7080.

THE FREE THEATRE, 3257 N. Sheffield, presents "Achilles" by Robert Perrey, Directed by Ron Graham. At 7 and 9 on Sundays. 7:30 and 9 on Mondays. Admission is FREE. For further info. call 467-0300.

CONTINUING THINGS

THE NEW PRODUCT LINE coffeehouse in Arlington Hts. is open Fri. 8-12. Live entertainment and recreation at 500 E. Mirror. Call 255-8850 for more information.

Kendale College Coffeehouse in Evanston—entertainment every Friday 8-12—25¢ admission. Free pop corn, cheap softdrinks. Groups interested in playing call 864-0234.

Zodia Coffee House and Gallery—2938 W. 63rd. Open Wed 6-12pm; Fri.&Sat. from 7:30 on. Music and raps. 50¢ admission. For further information call 776-0130

ABRAXAS COFFEEHOUSE, 1315 W. Loyola Ave. is open most nights at 8 p.m. and features drink, conversation, music, poetry art, etc. Phone 743-9565.

THE OTHER DOOR Coffee House, 3124 Broadway, is open daily 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. Weds. at 9 p.m. Fridays open discussions, poetry readings, and free music.

THE BARBAROSSA, 1117 N. Dearborn, features folk music Fri & Sat. nites. A cozy bar—serves sandwiches. Call 944-8959 for information on program.

BLUE GARGOYLE COFFEEHOUSE - 5655 S. University. Open Mon-Fri nites. Tuesday nites features poetry readings. Thursday is blues nite. In addition, the Blue Gargoyle holds community meetings and houses offices for the New University Conference, the U. of Chicago's Womens Liberation Chapter, and the Panther Defense Committee. For further information call 955-5826.

KINGSTON MIMES CO. STORE, 2356 Lincoln, good food, open 3 p.m. -- 3 a.m. Mon.-Thurs. Fri.-Sun. all night. On Tues. features improvisational theatre. Weds. movies, weekends folk jam sessions.

SATURDAY'S CHILD COFFEEHOUSE, 212 Lincoln, Porter, Ind. (get off Ind. Toll Road at Chesterton) Fri. & Sat. 8 - 12 p.m. Open stage Friday continuous entertainment and food \$1.25.

THE UNIVERSAL LIFE CHURCH COFFEE HOUSE 1049 W. Polk, gets it on nightly. Sounds weekends.

ANTIGONE COFFEEHOUSE, 419 Lincolnway (basement of teen center, entrance in ally), LaPorte, Indiana. Sat. 8-12 p.m. Folk music, improvisation, and food. Admission \$.75.

IT'S HERE COFFEEHOUSE, 6455 N. Sheridan features folk singers & satirists. Fri.-Sun. Doors open at 7:30, shows at 8 & 10:30, \$2.50 per person. \$.75 minimum. Call SH 3-9781 for further information.

GARDEN OF OLIVE, 1555 W. Devon (6300 North). Free coffee, tea, raps. Tues. night features lectures (informative not bullshit) on drugs by George Peters Open 6:30 to midnight. Phone 465-9474 for further information.

THE CRAFTS CO-OP, on the 3rd floor of the Blue Gargoyle, 5655 S. University, is open Mon, Wed, Thurs, and Fri from 11:30 till 3:00. Thurs. nite till 10. Pottery, jewelry, leather batik, prints, made by the community. Reasonable prices.

CLASSES

ALICE'S REVISITED, 950 W. WRIGHTWOOD Trying to start guitar lessons at Alice's. Need someone to teach. For more info, 528-4250. Also, artist colony forming, Wednesday, 7:30.

REVOLUTIONARY MARXISM political education classes are being held every Tues. & Thurs. at 7:30 p.m. at 1210 W. Wrightwood, 3rd floor. Come and rap about revolutionary alternatives to this fucked up system.

THE PEOPLES SCHOOL, 4409 N. Sheridan, is having liberation classes featuring courses such as philosophy, music, occult, photography, earth class, street medicine, Afro history, creative writing, etc. FREE Mon.-Thurs. For further information call 561-6737.

Benjamin Rozner, fo the Wisconsin Mime Troop will conduct a 12 week course in mime beginning 7 pm Nov. 2. Allison Dance Studio, 17 N State. For further info call 642-3227

The National Organization of Women (NOW) meets the third thursday of each month at 7pm at Christ the King Church, 19 W. Jackson.

Alternate University: at Circle Campus. Wide range of learning experiences (poetry, ring-making, self-defense, Chicago "culture," guerrilla theatre, and much more). Contact the Hartford Committee, 317 Chicago Circle Center, 663-4651, if you would like to teach a course or obtain a timetable.

Guitar, banjo, mandolin and dulcimer classes begin at the Old Town School of Folk Music, 909 W. Armitage, on Nov. 2, 3, 4, 5, at 8pm and Nov. 7 at 1:30. For further info call 525-7472.

YOGA CLASSES at North Park Apt. Hotel, 1936 N. Clark Street. At both 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. Begin anytime. \$2.50 for a 90-min. lesson. For further information call 528-3532.

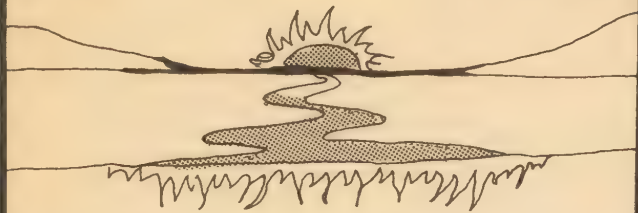
VILLAGE SCHOOL OF FOLKMUSIC, 631 Deerfield Road, in Deerfield, Ill. teaches courses in American traditional folkmusic (guitar, banjo, autoharp, mandolin, voice, dulcimer and recorder). The school also has a complete selection of instruments, music books, and accessories. For further info. call 945-5321.

LA DELORES CENTER, 2150 N. Halsted Ave. sponsors community services for women including Women's History Workshops every Thursday at 8 p.m. The Women's Revolutionary Art Co-op meets every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Based on the idea that anyone can be an artist, its purpose is to help increase natural artistic ability. For further info. call 935-0324.

Class on Macrame (knotting craft) to be held at Alices, 950 Wrightwood, Tuesday nights from 5 to 6 p.m. Beginning October 27.

FREE UNIVERSITY COURSE ON ALLEN GINSBERG. Every Wed. at 8 p.m. at The Other Cheek Commune, 815 Wrightwood. For info. call 477-9771 and ask for Emily or Mark.

PERIOD T



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I came upon a door which
had no key...
I found a veil past which
I could not see...
Some talk awhile of
THEE and ME...
And then someone said
"Eat at JEFF'S SNACK
SHOP and stop with
the poetry already!"
(958 W. WRIGHTWOOD -)
(Good food - good people)

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**"If you see nothing
else this year,
you must see
FIVE EASY PIECES.
It will not, I think,
ever fade from
memory!"**



—RICHARD SCHICKEL, *Life*

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BEST SELLER

HERBIE HANCOCK

"Fat Albert Rotunda"
wins him a big pop following

Herbie Hancock is a young piano wizard who's been rewarding wide-eared jazz fans for some years now, but the arrival of his Warner Bros. Record debut album, "Fat Albert Rotunda," has brought him new attention from pop and rock critics and audiences. Audiences like those at the Fillmore East, who gave him stomping, standing ovations during a recent appearance.

The composer of "Watermelon Man," and of several film ("Blow Up") and television (Bill Cosby's "Fat Albert" special) scores, Herbie Hancock served apprenticeships with trumpeter Donald Byrd's group and Miles Davis before branching out on his own. His avowed ambition is to reach just about everybody and to break down the barriers created by musical labels. "Fat Albert Rotunda" shows he's the man who can do it.

It's the latest from Herbie Hancock, on Warner Bros. Records (tapes distributed by Ampex).

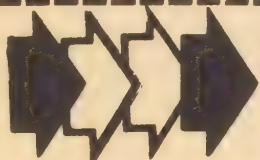


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LENTER

ENTERPRISES

21250 Woodward Avenue, Ferndale, Mich 48220 313-398-5717

FOR SALE

For Sale: suede coat with mink collar \$35 or trade for Air Force Parka. "White" zig-zag sewing machine hardly used for \$75. Lynda 929-0133

For sale: Smith-Corona portable with case, '58 model, good condition. \$25 or will haggle. call REGGY 726-1528days, 722-3196 evenings.

For sale: '64 Ford EconoLine Van, 6 cylinder, stick, clean, runs good, windows all-around.—\$650. call 452-7648.

FOR SALE: one elite electric guitar with small amp, strap and case for \$150. Write or call: Crystal, 8139 Paulina, Chicago 60620, AB4-7246

For sale: Kingston Electric Bass—\$45 or best offer (new \$90). 267-6684.

FOR SALE: 1969 VW bug with gas heater \$800 PLUS take over last 14 payments, which amount to 716.38 (\$51.17 per month). Call Lynda at 929-0133.

For sale: 1941 Pontiac 2 door sedan. good condition. GR2-9889 or 935-2365.

Get out of Amerika. 150 acre farm for sale in Canada. On the ocean—has an old 9room farmhouse—plenty of space back in the woods to hide in. \$12,000. No straights or speculators. If seriously interested write Eastwind, 1442 E. 60th Place, Chicago 60637.

For sale: '62 Sunbeam Alpine rebuilt engine dependable—\$350 or \$400 with hardtop. 267-6684

For sale: sony 65 watt reel tape recorder. 2 reels full of boss sounds included—\$65. Jesse 943-4871.

For sale: one '62 VW bus \$300 or trade for motorcycle. 375-0348. Bob.

For sale Yamaha '69 350 c.c. street scrambler \$475 pls. helmet, chain & lock—c/o Seed, box ZYB.

GIGS

Have Ford Falcon bus for MOVING. call Rudy 327-6804 evenings.

Have one-ton van. will transport bands and their equipment to gigs. Paul 489-5950.

Photographer wants work—parties, weddings and other wierd occasions. Box FTM c/o SEED.

I would like to start an artist's co-op in a resort area just over the line in Wisc. I need a glassblower, someone to do kickwheel pottery, quick sketch portraits or caricatures, and other old world arts. If interested call Soren at 395-3201.

HELP!

HELP!!!!!!*****PEOPLE'S INFORMATION CENTER needs Roneo mineo supplies—operating manual for the 350 VS Electric machine, inks, cleanser spirit, stencils, correction fluid, legal and regular 16 & 20 lb. paper, any colors. Also magic markers, pencils, staples, typewriters, typewriter ribbons, typing paper, carbon paper, erasers, and a coffee machine. Hours are now 8am to 10 pm at 72154 N. Halsted

HELP!!!!!!*****ALICE'S needs recording Equipment. Mikes, mixers, tapes, recorder, turntable, etc. Please help. Ray or Jack 528-4250.

Anyone interested in taking any number of crashers at any time, contact Free City Exchange at 281-7197.

TOYS WANTED—new or repairable, for neighborhood Christmas program. At Alice's, 950 W. Wrightwood Ave., 528-4250.

PHOENIX ACADEMY has openings for a few people who have a drug problem and sincerely want help. We'll all be going to a former "monastery" with 240 acres of land surrounded by thousands of acres of wilderness. There are five acres set aside for farming, and craft shops will offer classes in weaving, pottery, drawing, painting, baking, carpentry, etc. Contact us soon—we don't have much time. Call Sue at 653-4966 or 665-5430.

I need a family!! I have a job, so money is no big thing. Anyone who would like a brother in their family, or would like to start a commune, please call me, weekdays after 6pm or any time Sat or Sun. FA4-5300 ext. 354—ask for Flash. Straights, phonies, or bull-shitters need not call.

This is a community bulletin board, not a classified ad section. This service is free, but we accept donations. Not all notices can be run for the upcoming issue if they're received too late. If your ad is dated, send it in about one month before the deadline date, so as to assure its appearance. We've tried to eliminate rip-offs, legal turn-ons, model ads, dating services, hip capitalist crap, and generally questionable stuff. We still cannot vouch for the sincerity or legitimacy of ads, and if you still get ripped off, let us know. Ads are not accepted over the phone—bring them in or mail them. When you give us the ad, include a phone number and address where we can reach you if there is a question. Phone and address can be withheld for the asking. We may assign Seed box numbers to ads of a possibly personal nature to eliminate crank phone calls, etc. If you still have questions, call Maralee at the Seed.

INTERCOURSE



messages

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Nanci Prewoznik please contact HU 9-5786. Her brother Ronald is seriously ill.

Dayton Oslund write to Geri Chester from Minn. If you don't have her address leave word at 288-6610 ext. 1108

Info wanted leading to whereabouts of Aquarius named Sherry from Wisc. with Twin sister who knew Glen from Kinetic Playground. write G. Carpenter, Finn Rock, Ore. 97401.

Linda Taylor—call Dr. Elmer D. collect. Area code 219—875-7676.

John Oliver—Cathy had your baby. It was a girl, 6lb.9oz. named Crystal Diane. Please write: Cathy Burris, St. Mary's of the Woods, Ind.

Will the Gay Lib brother who borrowed my youth fare card to fly to the People's ConCon in Philadelphia please send it to me c/o SEED box GLF—Bill W.

TED—please call us at home, 472-0676. We want to help you. Clair & Mort

Madison Ann—please send me your address in California c/o SEED—really would dig coming out there to visit you. Bernie.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JUDY! LOVE MOM & POP.

Weathermen or friends! Need info on your ideas, plans, tactics for revolution. any old leaflets, NLNs, Fire's would be big help. . . send in plain brown wrapper with no return address. Was at 69 confention but lost contact after that. send anything except bombs to WAP Box 505, 5959 N. Kenmore, Chicago 60626.

MUSIC

I have some heavy song words but I need music to go with them, so if you want the words for your group call BA 1-5686 and ask for Elwood between 3 pm and 9pm.

Need Drummer—folk, jazz, rock, country, orig. call Jim Eaves 642-5397.

RIDES WANTED

Need ride to or near Estes Park, Colo., Nov. 25 and returning Nov. 29 (to arrive in Chicago the 30th.). Willing to share driving, gas & oil expenses. Bette, 864-6549 (before 3 pm.)

Ride needed to Boston or vicinity after Nov 13 anytime through Nov. 30. Will share expenses. Call Marilee 327-3292.

Three people planning to move to Frisco need someone 25/over to rent van—we'll pay rental and expenses. Or if you have van, will pay round trip expenses and share driving—will need room for stereo and odds and ends. Leave Jan 1 or after. For more info call Diane in Clinton, Ill. 217-935-3488.

Two chicks need ride to Denver before Dec. 1. Have luggage, will share gas cost. Call Les or Liz at 973-2042.

WANTS

Wanted—people who are interested in starting real community in Near West Side and who are of similar interests. Ideas, opinions etc. welcome. No phonies hung up on capitalism desired. Real "doers" wanted. SEED, Box 3445.

Wanted: Radical Law student or lawyer to aid in mayoral campaign for '72 with "Freak" candidate. Anyone interested in helping out in campaign contact Box 72, SEED.

Lawyers & people to join civil rights class actions against Chicago Bar Assn, Cullerton, electric, gas, VA. J. Mattinguy 539-3557

Wanted: dark brown suede coat in good cond. fringe or plain about size 40. call Mark AB4-6059 after 4 pm.

MISCELLANEOUS

Moving to Chgo in Jan. Need a place to crash until I find my own pad. any female with a few fee of space to spare write Christine Weiman 2806 N. Wilshire Ct., Peoria 61614

Puppy found, male, black and white, curly hair. call to claim: 472-3555 or 329-1717.

Available—three highly mystical kittens about six weeks old. Just give us a home. 375-0348.

FREE CATS—Do you have room for a short/red male and/or med./black female? Must leave city. They need homes for xmas. call 528-4364.

Super hip incarcerated male wished to correspond with freakish female: Van Swearingen, 700958 B-1, 2600 S. California, Chicago 60608.

We are making candles and would like to purchase some of our raw materials with others doing the same so that we can all get better prices. call Richard at 528-8279.

Lonely Male 21, wishes to meet male and female friends to do things, and share activities with. Box 226 SEED.

Young mother with one child needs roommate: female, responsible, straight preferred. please stop by after 6 pm weekdays or anytime on weekends: 3225 W. Belden. R. Moore.

Need a pad?—Older man has space for younger person who will keep up small apartment in exchange for his room and board. Right applicant can work this opportunity inot a position as personal secretary to one in good money-making field. No pot, drugs or other illegal hang-ups wanted. Call 338-9480.

Natal horoscopes \$6 by an astronomy major turned astrologer. Natal charts \$3. No padding or contradictions like those in computer horoscopes. Comparable to \$30-40 professional. Done scientifically using Morinus Houses, and Tertiary System. Male-Female horoscopes with compatibility chart—\$15. Nori Gemini. 6022 S. Sacramento, Chgo. 60629.



"Share The Land!"
A new album from
The Guess Who.



REAL RECORDS

BREAD

In recent experiments, publicized via the news media, rats who were fed a steady diet of "enriched" white bread starved to death within three months. What does this tell us? We aren't rats. We don't have a diet of nothing but bread—but when we do eat bread, enriched, plain, french bread, bakery bread, we are putting virtually nothing but harmful elements into our bodies. All sorts of carcinogenic chemicals are in bread—from chemical fertilizers and pesticides used on the wheat, to chemicals used in bleaching the flour (flour isn't naturally white), to chemicals used as preservatives, as softeners, as artificial flavorings. The carcinogens in a single piece of bread won't kill you or give you cancer, but they are retained by the body and add up, until . . . Furthermore the use of sugar and yeast (yeast is mostly sugar) is harmful, and these are found extensively in bread. Sugar is an irritant to the body as a whole and is the primary cause of tooth decay. It is not digested well and stimulates the pancreas to overproduce insulin, depleting the blood stream of sugar, causing a loss of energy. Over-consumption of sugar has also been shown in studies to be responsible for the development of diabetes and heart disease.

In the interest of those who are concerned about putting into their bodies nutrients, rather than destructive or useless agents, an article from The Mother Earth News is herewith excerpted, demonstrating how one can make nutritious, harmless, tasty bread (the type people used to exist on when they lived on bread and water alone).

Maralee

THE ART OF MAKING BREAD

Making good bread is indeed an art. . . especially when you don't use yeast, sugar or bleached white flour. These ingredients make a large, puffy white loaf of bread, but are unnecessary and detrimental to health. All grains possess natural leavening agents which only require a little skill and knowledge to use.

Bread made with yeast, sugar and bleached flour may have an attractive appearance but is seriously lacking in nutritional value. Yeast—being sugar based—and sugar itself are definitely harmful. Bleached or unbleached white flour is totally lacking in vitamins and minerals. It is made from the endosperm of the wheat and consists mainly of undigestible carbohydrates. The bran, or outer layer of the kernel, is removed and used in cereal products or fed to animals. The wheat germ is also removed and falsely pandered as a "health food." A food should not be eaten unless it is good food. White flour, whether bleached or unbleached, is purely a devitalized non-food with no nutritional value. Wheat is specifically designed by Nature to be a whole nutritional package.

Makers of white bread offer no explanation for their use of white flour other than their claim that the bread is more "aesthetically pleasing." They readily admit that the milling process robs the flour of most of its nutritional value. The claim, however, that this has been rectified by adding synthetic vitamins and minerals and would have us believe that this adulteration is as good as anything direct from Nature.

Many nutritional experts recommend using only whole wheat flour. This is well meant, but if yeast is still used the problem will be compounded. Recent studies have shown that during yeasting action most of the vitamin K in whole wheat flour is absorbed by the yeast.

This produces a radical change in the chemical composition of the wheat and the pH factor drops to the incredibly acid figure of 1.6. The result is anemia and an overall dyspeptic condition, which manifests itself in heartburn, stomach pains and—in extreme cases—ulcers and stomach cancer. This occurs because the phytic acid in the yeasted whole wheat combines with calcium to produce an insoluble and indigestible calcium phylate salt, which in turn brings about decalcification of the entire organism.

Remember now, we're discussing whole wheat breads made with yeast, not naturally fermented breads or breads using natural starters. Although bread fermented naturally is more acid than yeasted bread, it is more easily digested.

Flours

There are many varieties of flour from which to choose: Whole wheat flour. . . One of the few flours that can be used by itself, although it combines well with all other flours.

Buckwheat flour. . . Delicious but heavy and, therefore, only a small amount should be used in combination with other flours.

Rye flour. . . Too heavy to be used alone and should be combined with whole wheat flour.

Fice . . . Sweet and tasty. Generally used in combination with whole wheat flour to give a smooth texture.

Corn flour. . . Very light. It can be used by itself to make corn bread or combined with whole wheat or rice flour.

For variation, rooled oats, cooked cracked wheat or any whole or cracked grain can be added to the dough. If you do this you will find it necessary to use less water.

The possibilities for combinations are innumerable, but it is best to use whole wheat flour as the base for all breads and work from there. Combinations that we've found to be particularly good are barley, oat and wheat flour, and wheat, corn and rice flour. The important thing is for you to develop your own skill at baking bread and discover your own combinations.

KNEADING

The most important technique in making good bread is kneading. If this is done properly. . . and for a long enough time. . . your loaf of bread will rise by itself without the use of yeast.

After you decide on the combination of flours you are going to use, the next step is to make the dough. For a small loaf of bread, 2-3 cups of flour is usually sufficient. Since all flours are different, it is nearly impossible to give an exact recipe; you will have to use your own judgement. Just be sure that you add water a little at a time, and mix it in with your hands before adding any more. This will prevent the dough from becoming too thin. When the dough has the consistency of an ear-lobe, stays together, and no longer sticks to the sides of the bowl, it is ready for kneading.

Generally, a quarter teaspoon of salt per cup of flour is about right, but again, this varies according to the needs of the individual. For best results, mix salt with the flour before adding water.

Now you're ready for the most strenuous, yet most important part of making bread. . . kneading. If you get tired easily and need to stop occasionally, try kneading

the dough at least 300 times, but it is best to knead vigorously for ten minutes. A good procedure follows: Flour your hands and board lightly. Flatten the dough on the board. Pick up the edge of the dough which is farthest away and fold it toward you. Then press down 2 or 3 times with the heels of your hands, pushing the dough away. Turn the dough a quarter turn, fold it, press, and push again. Dough should become satiny, smooth and elastic. Remember. . . this is the most important part of bread making because it stimulates the formation of gluten, which brings about the natural yeasting action of the flour.

Place dough in a pan, cover with damp cloth and let it rise overnight. In the morning knead dough 100 more times. Shape into loaves and place gently in lightly oiled pan. It's a good idea to heat the pans on top of the stove so that the oil will spread easily. Do not pack the dough down.

Cover with a damp cloth and let dough stand for at least another hour, preferably longer. Slit loaves down the middle. For a nice crust, lightly brush the tops of the loaves with oil or an egg yolk. Do not preheat oven. If you do, the bread will burn on the outside before getting done on the inside. Bake at 425 degrees for about an hour. Test by inserting a toothpick into the middle of the loaf. If it comes out dry, the bread is done.

Remove loaves from pans immediately and let them cool, that is, if you can wait long enough before digging in!

If you've kneaded properly you will now have the chewiest, most flavorful, most nutritious bread you've ever eaten. This bread will not dissolve instantly in your mouth like store-bought yeasted bread. In fact, it must be chewed to bring out its finest flavor! The longer you chew it the sweeter it becomes.

Keep the bread in a cool place. If it gets moldy just pop it in the toaster or under the broiler and the original flavor will return.

Once you master the basic techniques of making real bread you will begin to see that the possibilities for variations are endless.

UNYEASTED BREAD (Makes two large loaves)

5 lbs. whole wheat flour
6½ cups water
2 Tbs. salt

Prepare as explained above.

Variations:

A) 3 lbs. whole wheat flour
1 lb. rice flour
1 lb. millet flour

B) 3 lbs. whole wheat flour
1 lb. rice flour
1 lb. oat flour

C) 3 lbs. whole wheat flour
1 lb. rye flour
1 lb. oat flour

BATTER BREAD (Makes 2 small loaves)

6 cups whole wheat flour
4 Tbs. sesame oil
½ tsp. salt
3 cups water

Combine salt and flour. Thoroughly blend in oil with your hands. Let the flour and oil slip through your fingers until there are no lumps. Gradually add water, folding in small amounts at a time. Do not stir or turn over. When batter no longer sticks to the sides, tip bowl and roll into oiled bread pans. Smooth tops of each loaf with a wet spatula or knife, then slit down the center. Brush tops lightly with oil and bake two hours or until done at 350°. Do not preheat oven.

DESSERT BREAD

3 cups whole wheat flour
1½ cups cornmeal
1½ cups buckwheat flour
1½ cups chestnut flour
5 Tbs. corn germ oil
1½ tsp. salt
3-4 Tbs. currants
3-4 Tbs. chopped roasted almonds
¼ tsp. cinnamon
Water

Combine flour, salt and cinnamon. Blend in oil thoroughly. Add currants and enough water to make a soft but not sticky dough. Proceed as for plain bread. Knead and let rise twice.

PUMPKIN MUFFINS

2 cups whole wheat or whole wheat pastry flour
½ tsp. salt
2½ cups water (approximate)
Pumpkin puree

Combine dry ingredients. Slowly add water and blend. It should be like a cake dough, quite thin. Oil muffin tins or use baking cups and half fill with dough. Add 1 or 2 spoonfuls of puree and top off with more dough. Bake in a 350° oven for about 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold. They taste great in the morning when heated for a few minutes under the broiler.

Variations: Sprinkle tops with sesame seeds. Use any of the numerous fillings such as chick pea puree, aduki bean puree, carrot puree, any fruit in season or apple sauce.

ONION ROLLS

4 cups onions (slivered)
3 cups whole wheat flour
1 tsp. sesame oil
1 cup corn flour
1 cup rice flour
1 cup buckwheat flour
1½ tsp. salt
¼ cup corn germ oil
2½ cups water (approximate)

Saute onions in oil until transparent. Combine sauteed onions, flour and salt. Thoroughly blend in oil. Add water slowly with one hand while blending with the other. Knead well until dough is elastic and shiny. Lightly flour board and roll out dough very thin. Cut out large rounds of dough and roll from end to end. For a glossy finish, brush tops with beaten egg yolk. Sprinkle with sesame seeds. Bake at 350° for 30-45 minutes.

DE A =

To the Seed:

This is in response to an article by a person named Jerry on the October 31st anti-war march that appeared in Vol. 6, No. 1 of Seed. In it, he stated some misinformation concerning the Gay Liberation speech and the subsequent seizure of the microphone by two members of Gay Liberation, which I would like to correct.

In the first place, I am the person who gave the speech. In the article, he stated that I was talking about "cultural stuff," implying that the seizure of the mike was directed against me, in opposition to what I had to say. This is untrue. It had nothing to do with any rift between political and cultural gay people. I was not talking about "cultural stuff" and I don't know where he got that impression. I consider myself a highly political person, and the material in my speech contained specific information on how and why gay people are oppressed in a capitalist society. I am completely opposed to any kind of "cultural nationalist" approach to gay liberation.

In the second place, even though I wrote the speech, it was unanimously approved by the Chicago Gay Liberation body before it was given. It was also decided that I should give the speech.

Also, the seizure took place right after I had finished, not in the middle of the speech. The purpose was not to attack me, but because the two were upset that the people in the audience were not giving me the attention I deserved. I would also like to take issue with the racist implications of the article. The reference to "the black Samson" was in extremely poor taste.

Since many people got the wrong impression about what happened, I would appreciate the publication of this letter to clear up the misconceptions.

—Art Gursch

Dear Seed,

I just want to say a few things: I have been reading Seed since its inception and have watched, with growing horror, as it became more and more militant. I am sorry I will not be able to participate in the up-coming revolution, but I will never raise my hand against another living thing for any reason. There is no place in the kingdom of love for killing. Life is sacred. One should cry if he steps on an ant. And we must love our friends and enemies alike. Love and understanding, a revolution of emotion instead of guns, is the path that leads to paradise. Reach out and embrace the living world! You don't make love with blood on your hands, Seed.

I am sorry if I sound a bit harsh. I have tried to say this as gently as I can. Blessings upon you for your sincerity in what you are trying to do, Seed, despite the gun.

Peace in your house,
Peregrin Took

P.S. I will continue reading Seed because, although it holds a sword in its hand, it cherishes a flower in its heart.

Seed replies: All flower to the people!

Seed:

After conning our way into as so called hip place to be, namely "The Syndrome", trying to listen to Grand Funk, I came into deep thought. Here were hundreds of Chicago's young people who think they are against the establishment.

As Grand Funk got into some heavy sounds, I noticed some really strange happenings. A few of our supposedly together people trying to grab the guy on stage, for reasons unknown. As Grand Funk had to bodily throw these guys off the stage, they said some very fine words. "Look at what is happening here, and you're letting it happen. We have gigged in a lot of cities throughout the states, and this is completely alien to us, we hope it is alien to you too." Those few words made an awful lot of sense to me, and made me very ashamed of the people there. It also, no need to say, made me very angry with the whole



situation. Here we are, trying to change the system, and hundreds of brothers and sisters paying \$5.00 to get into an overly crowded, establishment type place such as this.

How can we expect to be taken seriously about the revolution if we allow this to go on? As the owners of this place laugh their way to the bank, we talk about changing this system of ours. Well what the hell are you waiting for? They have used us and our thing to make money and you let it happen. No need to say I am totally disgusted!

Sandy De Paola

Dear Friend,

Please help us. I am a wife and a mother with two little girls ages 3 and 4. We are freaks who have made our life as beautiful as possible. We have raised our girls to be open, honest, and loving. Next year we must send one daughter to school, so we must make our move now. We are looking for a communal to live in. I have written letters to everyone I thought would be able to help us out. So far, we haven't received any replies, we're not giving up, though. If you know of anyone we could write to please let us know.

We are not afraid to work to achieve what we want and we want to make our own world. I can't accept this society, its values or prejudices. We would bring to others what we have within ourselves. This letter may sound naive, but it's very hard trying to express feelings in words. Please try to feel them. Any help you could turn us on to would be kept within our own heads and not passed around. Thank you.

Love,
Our family (and the cat)

If anyone can help these people out, send a letter to them, c/o Feedback, the Seed, and we'll see that they get it.

People,

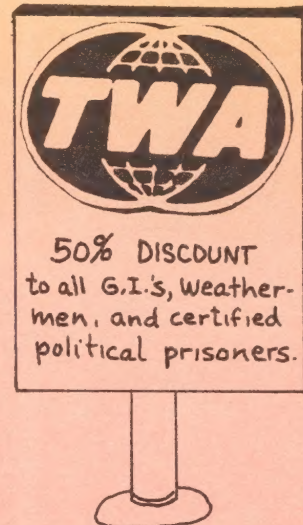
I fail to understand why Amerikan servicemen get a discount rate at some establishments. The whole thing wouldn't be so bad except that we don't give our soldiers any benefits. By "our" soldiers, I mean Panthers, Weathermen, and draft resisters, etc., etc.

Being on the run for 2 years now, I just feel that giving a discount to the oppressor's army and not giving a discount to our own soldiers is a grave injustice. I strongly urge that the establishments that give discounts to the G.I.'s consider what I've said. I do hope they will send in replies to my letter. If they take no action soon, they might find themselves confronted by the soldiers, the true soldiers.

Power to the People, Power to the Vanguard, Power to Our Soldiers.

—B.A. Cruk

Dear Mr. Cruk:



Dear Seed:

Sisters here in Kalamazoo would like to be getting things together—except for the usual apathy and fear that weighs so heavy in the "all amerikan city." A lot of good places and things to do have been growing here since this summer. But the consciousness needed for joyful and respectful relationships between sisters and between sisters and brothers is slow in coming.

Teaching women they can be people means a fight with a pretty non-Freeky Monster-Beast that makes concessions in blatant situations of female oppression. But those subtle, insidious aspects just keep thriving. And making more divisions.

Most of us at Illegitimate Arts read "Female Schizophrenia" which was printed in the August Seed and really related to its truths. We would like to mimeo parts of it along with some information about Women's Lib in Kalamazoo.

Free all Political Prisoners!
Illegitimate Arts Conspiracy,
Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Dear Seed:

I'd like to say something to the people of the world. I'm in the military service doing my time to Uncle Sam and the pigs. I'd like to know what is wrong with the people. They look down at us as though we are shit. There are a lot of us that were dragged into the service. But you just don't understand. To you we're squares, we're plastic if we jump out of our uniforms and put some civilian threads on. You see that our hair is short, turn your backs on us. We try and score some dope. What happens, we get burned. Are we so much of freaks that we can't be treated as people. This really hurts a guy, man, when he can't walk down the street and pass a guy and say what's happening and the guy just keeps on walking or gives ya a dirty look. There ain't no way to hide that I'm in the service, but I'd like to forget about it while I'm on liberty but people just won't let us.

Help us, people, don't turn off when you see one of us. You don't know how much it hurts.

Yours for the asking,
Bob Phillips

NEW ALBUM

FRANK ZAPPA

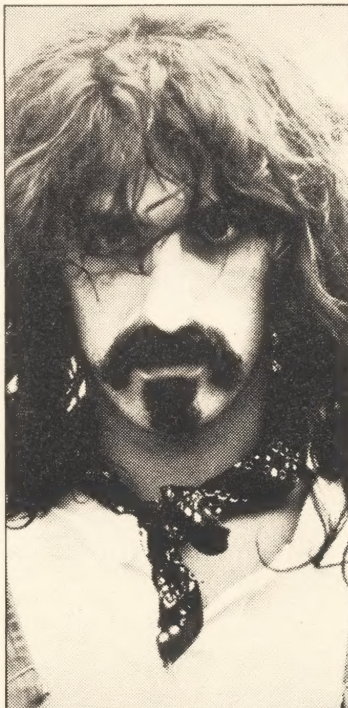
"Chunga's Revenge" Fulfills the Promise of "Hot Rats."

Frank Zappa, by day sneering leader of the dread Mothers of Invention, has been moonlighting quite a bit lately. His first after-hours job resulted in the celebrated Bizarre/Reprise "Hot Rats" solo album, which revealed that beneath that sneering veneer there beats one of the most original musical talents of our time.

He's been at it again. The latest Lone Zappa work is titled "Chunga's Revenge" and is now available on Bizarre/Reprise albums (and tapes, distributed by Ampex).

It sustains his antitraditional tradition by breaking just as much new ground and just as many conventions as its predecessor, while at the same time offering some fantastic jazz-like musical excursions.

Hear Zappa undo his Mothers' apron strings once again in this swell new album.



WEED

CUBAN GREEN '12'

Breaks all standards for 'dirtiness',
1 lb. brick yields about 12 lids.
This doesn't take anything away from the quality of the
weed.....formally sold as Black Mocha--\$150.00 per brick

PANAMA RED

Genuine RED.....Very Few Seeds
1 joint gives Hash-type hallucinations to 4 people
Recent Bust has put dealer in Shock, prohibiting sale
at present time.....But will be \$200.00 a pound

DOMESTIC MONSTER DOPE

Ill-Ind grown.....Seedless, clean weed
Bright Green and Very Good.....\$85.00/100.00 per lb.

MEXICAN GREEN AND GOLD

The finest of Mexican harvests has been reported in the city
Green is the top of the plant only
Gold is unmistakably "Acapulco"
Green at \$160.00 lb.....Gold at \$175.00 lb.

BLONDE AND RED LEBONESE HASH

This is about the Best consistently supplied Hash in town.
BLACK OPIATED HASH (seen in spurts last month) was
better, but considerably harder to get.....
Lebonese does the job at \$85/\$100 oz for Red
\$80/\$90 oz for Blonde.....Opiated Black for \$135.00 oz.

50lbs. of Untested Dope is headed for Chicago.
Pounds will be offed at \$120.00 per lb.

ACID

WHITE DOUBLE--DOMES

Pure Acid.....No speed or poison
Long Trip (10-12 hrs.).....VISUAL....\$2.50 per hit

GOLD THUNDER is still around (Some people are hording
them) at \$2.00 per hit

GREEN/GRAY PENTAGONS

Very VISUAL.....Very STRONG
1/2 Hit really plasters the walls with Day-glo colors
Speed content is low.....Price is high at \$3.00 per hit

LEMON--LIME TABS

Reported to be a 4 way Hit of Pure L S D.....\$3.00 per hit

PURPLE AND BLUE TABS

Tablets are grooved for splitting but is not known to be
strong enough for that....Whole hit is very intense and
mildly Visual.....\$1.50/\$2.00 per hit

SYNTHETIC Mescaline(White).....\$70/\$80 per oz.

PURPLE Mescaline

Very Good Synthetic Hit.....No Speed
Old Town.....\$2.00 per hit

RED BLOTTERS still around but are very rare.....and is
still THE BEST DOPE IN TOWN



VOODOO CHILD, your T.H.C. is probably P.C.P., one of
the three psychedelics derived from Belladonna.....
It is also the only one that is POISONOUS.....
In large doses it permanently destroys sections of the
Central Nervous System.

A Disciple of Grains and Roots and other Witch's Brews,
(who is reputable when not completely stoned) mentions
that ELM LEAVES when brewed like tea...Will get you
STONED

MORNING GLORY SEED will not only make pretty
flowers bloom from the soil, the HEAVENLY BLUES AND
PEARLY GATES will make the Potential Flower bloom
in your head. BEWARE of Coated or Chemically treated
Seeds.....Some Seeds that are sold in the stores aren't
coated, but most of them are.....The Best way to get good
Seeds is to plant the seeds from the store and gather the
seeds from the Flower.

INSTANT DRUG ANALYSIS KIT The Becton, and
Dickinson Co. of Rutherford N.J. will be introducing this
New Revolutionary kit in late Dec. The Kit contains 50
Test ampules, which turn different colors when exposed
to various drugs. The Kit detects LSD and all other hal-
lucinogens, Marijuana, Heroin, Barbiturates, Amphetamines,
and opium.....BETTER LIVING THRU CHEMISTRY

—DR. EPOD **Rx**



